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A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JANUARY 1980 \$2.95

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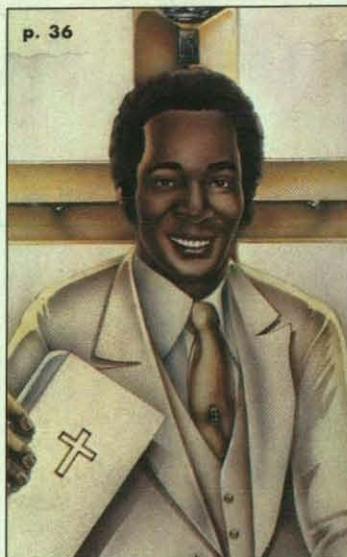
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## No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child?"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

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Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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## PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# Sue the Clergy?

**S**hould clergymen be held accountable for the advice they give to the members of their congregations? I think they should.

For centuries ministers have been giving advice to their congregations without taking any responsibility for it. Priests, preachers and rabbis in every little podunk town in the country are counseling their congregations on matters ranging from sex to family problems to emotional crises. What this amounts to, in effect, is the practice of psychotherapy without a license. While some clergymen have the training to offer such counseling, the fact is that the average man of the cloth should stick to matters of religion and leave the mental-health business to professionals. Despite the fact that such advice is usually offered with good intention, most clergymen are no more qualified to practice psychotherapy than they are to perform brain surgery.

In truth, the vast majority of religious leaders in this country practice some form of psychotherapy, from the reverend down the block to Billy Graham and Ruth Carter Stapleton, who says her ministry seeks to heal the emotionally sick.

Although the dispensing of psychological advice is widespread and common in organized religion, one of the most obvious examples is the Christian Science Church, which actually discourages its followers from seeking professional psychiatric help. Instead, members with emotional problems are directed to the church's "practitioners," who charge their "patients" for treatment using the word of God.

Many religious retreats also provide examples of clergymen dispensing psychological help. Just one of many such places is Saint Columba's Retreat in northern California, where Father David Schofield, an Episcopalian priest, offers "counseling" for per-

sonal problems. While it is no doubt true that many of those who spend \$40 or more for a weekend at such retreats gain much spiritual satisfaction, it is also true that they are frequently receiving advice on personal problems.

Ministers may call it counseling and they may call it advice, but it's clear that they are practicing psychotherapy when they advise people on matters such as sexual and marital problems or emotional breakdowns. This realization has led an insurance company in Iowa to offer malpractice insurance to clergymen. The policy covers ministers who might be sued because their therapeutic advice backfired and resulted in some damage—mental or otherwise. I think this is a fine idea.

I'm not saying that these ministers don't help some people. But they are practicing psychotherapy. If they want to take that responsibility, they—like licensed therapists and doctors—must be willing to be held accountable for the results of their counseling.

It's about time that religious leaders who take it upon themselves to delve into other people's minds were made to take the responsibility for their actions. If your physician were negligent in treating you, you'd sue him for malpractice. Why shouldn't the same hold true for your clergyman?

Clergymen should understand that they too are going to be sued if they "malpractice" psychotherapy on their congregations.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Larry Flynt".

*Publisher &  
Chairman of the Board*





TOTAL \$\_\_\_\_\_



**W**e at HUSTLER take great pride in bringing our readers the best possible selection of articles and photo-spreads each month. As might be imagined, the editorial staff empties many an aspirin bottle while choosing just the right combination of writers, artists and photographers to create a quality product. And this first issue of the 1980s is no exception to that rule.

The only difficulty we had in selecting AL GOLDSTEIN to write our FIFTH ANNUAL UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES was recognizing the *Screw* magazine publisher after he recently shed a large number of his plentiful pounds. At any weight, Goldstein is a pioneer in this field of publishing, and he and HUSTLER's Larry Flynt go way back together in the crusade for your right to enjoy magazines like HUSTLER and *Screw*. In fact, they've known each other so long that Goldstein accuses Larry of raiding the *Screw* staff to get HUSTLER editors. The photographs for this year's guide were provided by our own SUZE RANDALL.

DRS. EBERHARD and PHYLLIS KRONHAUSEN are well-known sexologists and members of the American Psychological Association whose reports *Erotic Art by Children* and *The Fall of the Greek and Roman Empires* appeared in past issues of HUSTLER (October 1978, September 1979). They have also collaborated on several scholarly studies of sex, including *Erotic Fantasies: A Study of Sexual Imagination* and *The Sexually Responsive Woman*, so there was no problem in assigning them to



Cover by Matti Klatt

expose the past and present myths surrounding the healthy sexual practice of self-gratification in **MAS-TURBATION: EXPOSING THE MYTHS**. The article is illustrated with works from the Kronhausens' private collection of erotic art.

We racked our brains and found the perfect writer to profile a fast-talking "Reverend Doctor." In our profile **HAKHEEM ABDUL RASHEED: SOUL-SAVING SOUL BROTHER**, Oakland, California, journalist **SCOTT WINOKUR** runs down the elaborate scheme within the Church of Hakeem that made this accused con man a multimillionaire. Winokur is perhaps closer to this bizarre story than any other reporter, having followed the Hakeem controversy since its beginning. **RON KRISS** provided the illustration.

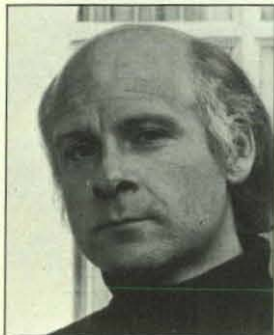
For **GAME**, this month's fiction by CHIC Editorial Director **BEN PESTA**, we had to look no further than nearby Harry's Bar, the

prestigious Los Angeles drinking establishment where Pesta and such HUSTLER notables as Associate Publisher Bruce David, Executive Editor Lee Quarnstrom and Managing Editor Jim Heinisch frequently gather to bat around story ideas—and, occasionally, each other. Actually, the bouts of merry mayhem among these gentlemen have become so much a part of Harry's Bar that the owner is considering installing a brass plaque in their honor. We think he'll be proud to be connected with Pesta's story, a hard-hitting account of a pro-football player's off-the-field performances. The accompanying artwork is by HUSTLER regular **DAN KIRK**.

We only had to look as far as our own Art Department to find **RALPH FOWLER**, our veteran Associate Art Director. Ralph is responsible for constructing some of the props that give this month's *Bits & Pieces* section a special sparkle.

Of course, none other than **SUZE RANDALL** would do when it came time to photograph January's bonus giant-size centerfold **TONI: DREAMING OF A PINK CHRISTMAS**. It was a little harder getting HUSTLER regular **JAMES BAES** away from his cozy Florida hideaway to make the "cruel" trek to Paris for **NOEL: OOH LA LA!** Baes also came up with **KEEP ON TRUCKIN'**, featuring two highballin' honeys. And in **HEAT STROKE**, **CLIVE McLEAN** turns his camera on a couple who know how to keep warm.

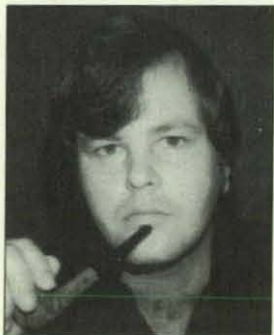
Despite the usual headaches we think we've put together another sterling issue with an all-star cast. Why not see for yourself?



Scott Winokur



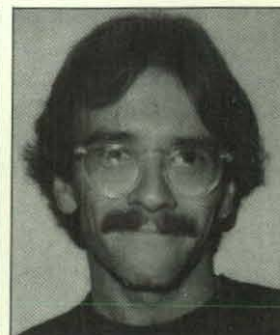
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HU180



**Couple-Lover:** My favorite feature in HUSTLER is the couple-spreads, and they are getting better all the time. Clive McLean's *Making Waves* (top photo) in the October 1979 issue was one of the best yet. The girl is lovely and sexy, and the poses are believable and erotic. I was glad to see the girl actually at least *touching* the fellow's cock. Keep them coming. —Marian Monblatt  
Suquamish, Washington

**Poor Taste:** Being an avid reader of HUSTLER, I found the full-page cartoon in the November 1979 issue about scaring Jews away to be in very poor taste (center). It wouldn't be very funny or profitable if Jews didn't continue buying HUSTLER.

—Mrs. J. Silver  
Chicago, Illinois

**Eager for Beaver:** In your October 1979 *Beaver Hunt* you featured N. A. from Edgewater, New Jersey (bottom photo). She is a beautiful lady with a body that is out of this world. Her longing for black guys makes her that much more appealing. I would love to open my HUSTLER one day and see her in it again.

—Stanley Griffin  
Nashville, Tennessee

**Union Blues:** With regard to Robert McGarvey's report *Unions in Trouble* (November 1979), I would like to congratulate him for getting across how many union members feel. I myself have been a member of a local in Las Vegas, for six years, and I feel that it is a dictatorship. I'm not allowed to solicit my own jobs, and I was on the out-of-work list for two months in 1974.

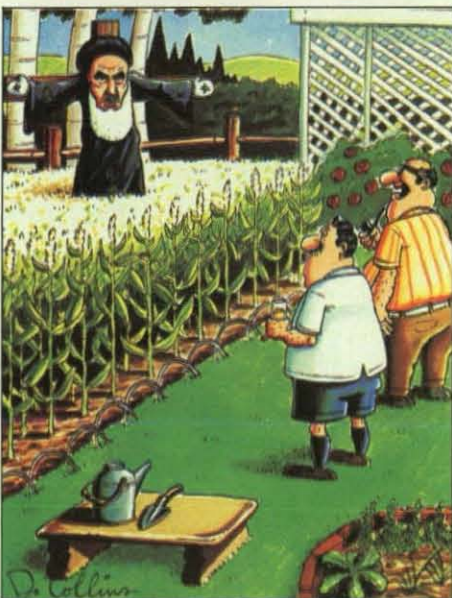
After going through \$800 in savings, I took a paper-hanging job and was caught and fined \$200 for working without a job referral. I was caught two more times for the same thing, and my fines totaled \$900. I refused to pay and free-lanced for a year, but I joined again later to run a big job for my father. Since then I have been a dues-paying member of the local, staying out of trouble and belonging to the union because "that's the way it is."

—Dan Arcotta, Jr.  
Las Vegas, Nevada

**Sleeping Chicken?** We read the October 1979 *Publisher's Statement* ("USA—A Sleeping Chicken!"), and we think it stinks. You seem to consider the Russian military superior to ours. You stated, "Our armed forces are currently a shambles and a disgrace." You evidently were not in the service, so take a closer look. We happen to be very proud of serving in our nation's armed forces, and we consider them the best there is.

—Thomas Hamilton, John Keller,  
John Gomez  
United States Navy  
Groton, Connecticut

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt served in both the Navy and the Army.



Larry Flynt's stand on human rights is totally inconsistent, as evidenced by his macho *Publisher's Statement* in the October 1979 issue of HUSTLER. Larry, you are always rightly decrying the manner in which the state tramples on your First Amendment rights; yet you seem willing to discard other Constitutional protections of the individual and his liberty.

Your tirade seems to be calling for a reinstatement of the draft. The draft is involuntary servitude. It is slavery, and slavery cannot be justified on any grounds. The State loves to say that without the slavery of the draft we can't keep our liberty. But the person enslaved by the State has *already* lost his liberty.

The first 13 amendments to the Constitution were designed to protect the liberties of the individual from the will of the majority. If you think that the State has the right to dispose of the lives of its citizens, then declare that you think the State should run our lives, and quit all the hypocritical bitching about individual liberty. If you think the individual has the right to engage in any activity—sexual, social, economic or otherwise—as long as that individual doesn't use physical force or fraud on another individual, then declare yourself a Libertarian and continue your (up till now) consistent fight for *all* the freedoms guaranteed us, not just those advantageous to smut publishers.

—Steve Dusterwald  
Las Vegas, Nevada

After reading your October 1979 editorial I decided to express my opinion. The military of today has changed drastically from what it was 30 or 40 years ago, but so have the American people. During World War II the American public flocked to factories to produce the materials to beat the enemies we faced. It was a total effort. But during Vietnam most of the public sat on their asses and bitched rather than doing anything about it. So it's no wonder the military suffers. There is little support for them.

—Don Jones  
U.S.S. Nassau

**Satisfied Gay:** I'm not going to repeat the accolades you get every month about your magazine. I subscribe because I like the heavy humor and the sensational pictorials. And I'm gay!

I support you because of your freedom-of-expression beliefs and also because you are open-minded about gays, the majority of whom are not swishy and limp-wristed. I would say 80% of gays are hunks desirable to both sexes, but by preference available only to one. I thank you for not knocking us in your magazine. At the present time I am circulating HUSTLER within the University of Connecticut's Gay Alliance.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Willimantic, Connecticut

**Crude:** I looked at a HUSTLER Magazine



# WHY DOES SANTA SEEM SO JOLLY THIS YEAR?

No, it's not Mrs. Claus's new silicone breasts.

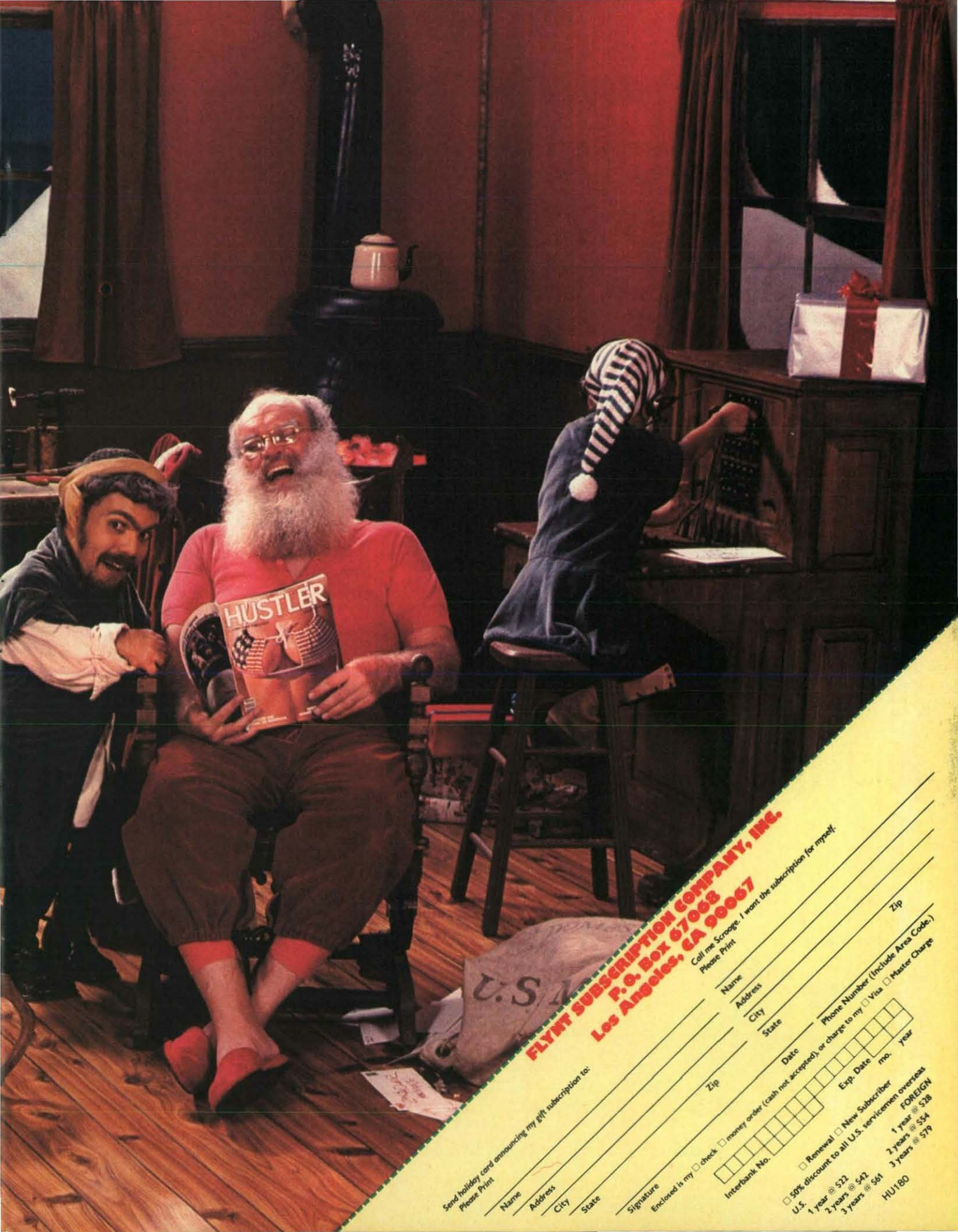
Santa's happy because he subscribed to **HUSTLER**. Like any smart gift-giver, Santa knows by subscribing to **HUSTLER** he saves an incredible \$13.40 off the newsstand price. Plus, he receives his copy before it goes on sale. And since there aren't too many newsstands at the North Pole, Santa likes having his **HUSTLER** delivered right to the workshop in a plain brown wrapper (keeps the elves from being curious).

Take a tip from St. Nick and subscribe to **HUSTLER**. Better yet, why not get a **HUSTLER** subscription for a special friend? Just fill out the coupon and we'll send a holiday card announcing your gift subscription.

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HU180



for the first time last weekend, and I can't believe how crude it is. I am really sick over what has happened to modern morals. If I had the money and power, your magazine would be out of business tomorrow.

How men and women can put their bodies on display for anyone to look at is beyond me. You're all so desperate for money that you will do anything. The girls in your magazine probably wouldn't care if they were raped, but I certainly would mind being sexually assaulted.

Rape has been on the increase for the last ten years or so, and dirty magazines like yours only add to that increase. It would be a much better world if your magazine and the others like it were not in it. Why don't you take all the money your magazine has made from the dumb-dumbs who buy it and start a respectable business?

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

*You're entitled to your opinions, but your claim that "dirty magazines" add to the rape problem is not supported by scientific facts. Virtually every responsible study on the subject, including the 1971 Technical Report of The Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, has concluded that there is no cause-and-effect relationship between erotic or pornographic material and sex crimes. In fact, many recent studies have found that increasing the availability of pornography actually reduces the sex-crime rate.*

**Black and White:** This is in response to the

*Feedback* letter written by that asshole from Chicago in your October 1979 issue concerning black men and white women ("Flynt Pro and Con"). The letter-writer must have a brain as big as a pea to say the things he did. People who think like he does cause all the racial tension there is today.

To me there is nothing better than seeing a fine white lady laid out on silk or satin sheets with a black stud (like me) giving her the orgasm of her life. I am black and I love ladies of all races, especially white ladies, and I know a lot of them feel the same about us black men. The same goes for black women and white men. Color is no barrier.

—G. Thomas

March Air Force Base, California

**Is Porn Dangerous?** You know what really gets me? It's people like Marcia Womongold who give society the perverted idea that porn and places like New York's 42nd Street turn ordinary citizens into ravaging sex monsters. But my wife and I strolled down 42nd Street, checking out all the movie billboards and such, and we weren't harassed at all. Sure, there were some weirdos around, but they didn't bother us—they had their own kind to mess with.

Now the way I look at it, if I can stroll down one of the most pornographic streets in the world with my pregnant wife and not be bothered or harassed in the least, then I don't think seeing *HUSTLER* or other such magazines on public newsstands turns normal people into sex maniacs. Pornography

isn't a bit harmful to society if it is allowed to take its course and grow.

Keep up the good work on such a great magazine. You'll always have me as a subscriber.  
—Bill Sullivan  
Moline, Illinois

I am really outraged by that prudish mockery of a human being named Marcia Womongold, who was on the *Tomorrow* show with Tom Snyder. She demanded the criminalization of so-called pornography, saying it excites men to the point where they will go out and rape a woman. She talked about how she knocked over magazine racks and shot a hole in a bookstore with a .22. She blamed the entire male population in general for the publishing of "smut" and the making of "dirty movies." According to her, the entire news media is a male-dominated force that degrades women.

After 15 minutes Tom Snyder brought out *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein to give his side of the story. After Womongold had read a statement on the degradation of females and thrown a shredded copy of *Screw* on the floor, Al calmly tried to discuss his belief that it is sexual repression and not pornography that causes men to want to rape women. But it was impossible, because Ms. Womongold continually interrupted him in hostile and sometimes threatening tones. This "woman" even insinuated that Tom and Al secretly wanted to rape her then and there. This got Mr. Snyder so pissed off that he angrily told her not to flatter herself.

I couldn't believe Marcia Womongold's hateful, vengeful, violent attitudes and actions. She gets my vote for *Asshole of the Month*. I think you will agree.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

*We do agree. Marcia Womongold was our December 1979 Asshole of the Month.*

**Blood and Guts:** I would like to know how your other readers feel about the violence in your magazine. I put up with the blood and guts because the rest of your magazine is great. I don't know why you think the shock-value material is worth it. What are you trying to prove? Are you feeling guilty for who you are and what you do? I want to be counted as one woman who doesn't get turned on by the gore.  
—H. J.

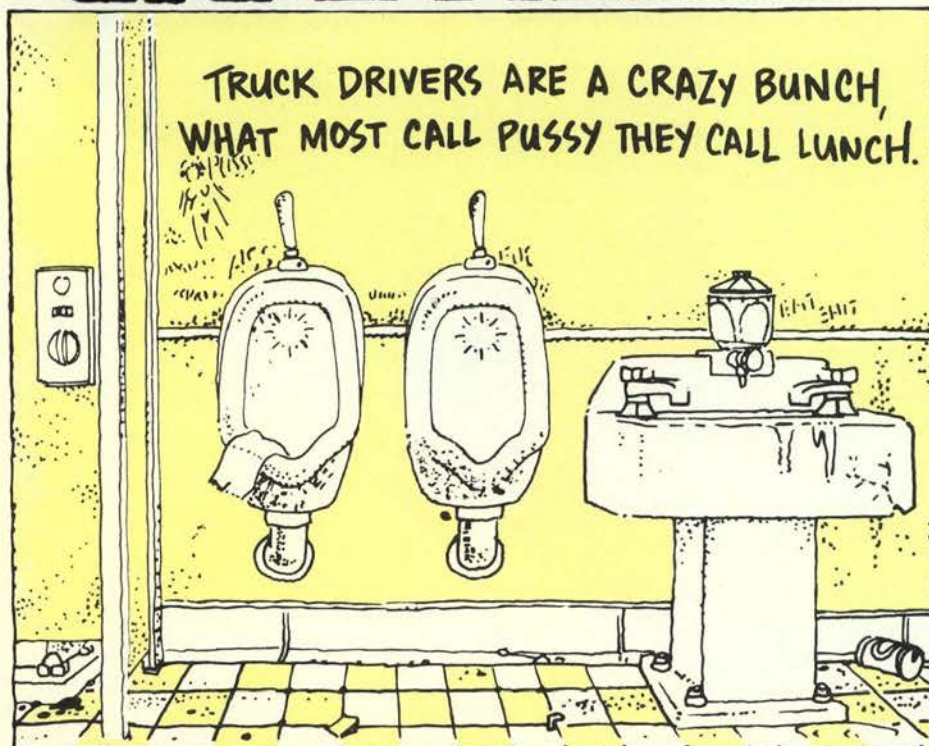
Oakland, California

*The occasional depictions of violence here in HUSTLER are not meant as "turn-ons." Rather, we feel it is important to show such atrocities as they really are, as a step toward eliminating them.*

**O'Hair and Hell:** I couldn't even finish reading your interview with Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair (October 1979) because I just had to write to you. Evidently, this is a very sick woman. Any person who could wake up on a beautiful morning and walk outside, take a deep breath and hear

(continued on page 14)

# GRAFFILTHY



THANKS AND \$25 TO J.G., ASHEVILLE, N.C.



# **World News Roundup**

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

A striptease performance in a Milwaukee courtroom cost local tavern-owner Carrol Ziegman \$500. Stripper Geraldine Rivas demonstrated her routine in court as part of Mrs. Ziegman's defense against charges that her Camelot nightspot had violated a city ordinance controlling "scanty" costumes. Rivas disco-danced her way down to bra and panties, winding up her act by mooning at Municipal Court Judge William Panagis. His Honor thanked Ms. Rivas, then promptly ruled that her outfit did not provide sufficient coverage.

Six rock concerts in Burbank, California, were canceled after a city councilman charged that the scheduled musicians attracted a "mostly homosexual crowd." Councilman Jim Richman's argument that "the conservative people of Burbank don't want these sexual deviates charging around town" apparently convinced the Council to ban performances by Patti Smith and Todd Rundgren. However, the repressive political action has prompted a \$19.5-million lawsuit against Richman and the city by a rock promoter and the operators of the city's Starlight Theater.

Making a federal case out of barelegged boys might seem silly, but that's what happened in Normal, Illinois. Debbie Moody, 13, refused to take phys-ed at her school because she would have had to mix with boys in gym shorts. She claimed that would violate her religious beliefs as a member of the United Pentecostal Church, which frowns on circumstances that might incite "lust." The school suspended her, but a federal court ruled that Debbie's stand was protected by the First Amendment.

The nation's first test-tube-baby clinic is set to open in January at Eastern Virginia Medical School. Five hundred women are waiting to visit the nonprofit center, which will use a newly developed technique called in-vitro fertilization. That procedure involves surgically removing a human egg from a prospective mother, fertilizing it with her husband's semen in a dish or test tube and then implanting the egg in her uterus. The world's first test-tube baby, Louise Brown of England, celebrated her first birthday this past July, and tests show her to be a perfectly normal child.

A syndicated health columnist is now warning that a drug widely prescribed for the treatment of hypertension may be linked to an incurable disease of the penis. Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld, author of the newspaper column "Ask Dr. Hippocrates," has noted that recent reports in two medical journals have suggested a link between Peyronie's disease and the drug propranolol. Peyronie's disease leads to partial hardening of the penis, L-shaped erections and, in some severe cases, a cock that is "entirely like a piece of gristle."

A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle. Or so say some radical biologists, who are now predicting that the human male may soon be "technically expendable" when it comes to reproduction of the species. Experiments on rats and salamanders have shown that scientists are on the brink of developing techniques that would enable a woman to become pregnant and give birth without any help from a guy.

Santa is coming out of the closet in Canada. There gays will now be allowed to play Kris Kringle in Quebec department stores during the Christmas season. The local Association of Santa Clauses officially reversed its antigay policy after the organization was made the target of a discrimination complaint to the province's Human Rights Commission.

Was it a put-on when women golf contestants in Walla Walla, Washington, were categorized by breast size? Not if you can believe golf pro Ron Coleman; he organized a tournament that separated female entrants by bra size to promote his pro shop's line of "sport brassieres." The Invitational Tournament, nicknamed "T.I.T." by Coleman, had been broken into ten divisions, ranging from "Gum Drop" (bra sizes 32-34A) all the way to "Golden Delicious" (for women in the real big leagues--sizes 40 to 42D). However, tee time never rolled around; the tournament was canceled in the wake of protests by the local chapter of the National Organization for Women. ♀

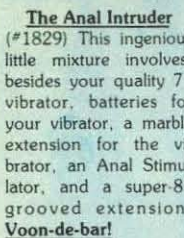


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the birds sing, has got to be missing something if he or she doesn't feel her heart warmed by the presence of the almighty God.

How lucky we are that we don't just exist without a hereafter. I'm not a church member and I've never read the Bible through, but I believe in God and I love Him. So go ahead and go to hell, Madalyn.

—Herman C. Dilligaf  
Slemp, Kentucky

Larry Flynt's interview with Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair in the October 1979 HUSTLER shows courage in the advancement of freedom of expression. I've been a nonbeliever for years, but my mind has been in the closet because of negative reactions by many people. But reading this interview had a tremendous impact on me. Now I can come out of the closet and proudly say I'm an Atheist, that I am free from the shackles of religion.

There must be millions of people like me. We must have the guts to declare ourselves. Hurray for Madalyn Murray O'Hair!

—Edward Navas  
San Pablo, California

Madalyn Murray O'Hair is an influential and noteworthy woman whose opinions certainly deserve to appear in your magazine. But her face doesn't. Hers may very well be the most offensive picture ever seen in HUSTLER. Ms. O'Hair may or may not be the most hated woman in America, but she sure is in the running for the ugliest. Yecch!

—Steve Spaay  
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

**The Ears Have It:** I am a guy who spends a lot of time ogling, worshipping, evaluating and enjoying female ears. I love ears, and only female ears. Ears impart the most pleasure and stimulate all sorts of sensations in the female body if handled properly.

But ears as such are considered to be totally useless by girlie magazines all over the world. I wish you would show a set of pictures featuring the female ear. You can show the hair being pushed to one side and the ear being pulled while the male and female kiss on the lips. Or while the man inspects the woman's cunt, he can stretch his hand and gently pull her head to the side by her ear.

To me female ears are the most beautiful part of the body. Through ears only I have gotten girls so wet that they beg for my small penis. I hope this letter explains that female-ear fetishism is not a perversion and should not be treated as such.

—Name Withheld by Request  
India

**No Class:** The November 1979 HUSTLER was a turkey! It had no more excitement or enjoyment in it than the ten-year-old used bandage I just found in the corner of my closet. Your magazine is nothing more than a large billboard selling everything but what the public wants, which is dynamic articles

that probe, provocative pictures and just maybe a touch of class between all this. I want my money back!

—Name Withheld by Request  
New York, New York

**Studying HUSTLER:** I am a high-school teacher who is extremely concerned about children. In my class on parenting skills, your articles *Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents* (October 1977) and *Child Prostitution: How It Happens* (September 1977) will be used to show and explain the problems and help my students realize that such things really exist.

—Helen Rader  
Brawley Union High School  
Brawley, California

**Lovely Lolita:** That darling girl *Lolita* has to be your best choice ever for your cover (October 1979). Never have I seen a lovelier, sexier, more inviting picture of a girl. You will surely find that I am not alone in my judgment, so be prepared to give us a lot more of this beautiful doll.

—Bud Best  
Kirtland, New Mexico

**Calendar Time:** How come there was no HUSTLER Calendar for 1979? Will there be one for 1980?

—Carl Kark  
Tinley Park, Illinois

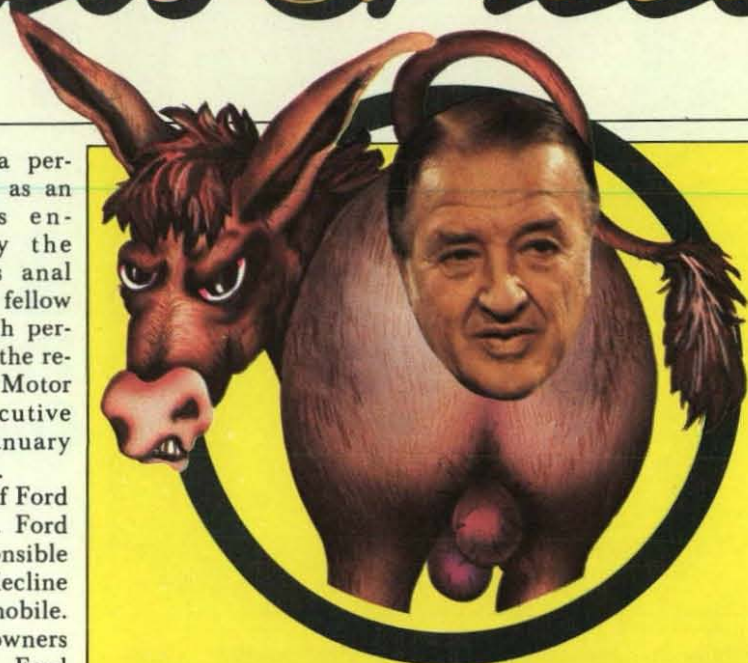
*The 1980 HUSTLER Calendar is available at your local newsstand or from Flynt Subscription Company, Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067. The calendar costs \$2.95, plus 50¢ for postage and handling if you're ordering by mail.*

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Larry Flynt, Publisher



# Bits & Pieces



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Henry Ford II

**M**any times a person's status as an asshole is enhanced by the enormous effect his anal atrocities have on his fellow countrymen. One such person is Henry Ford II, the recently retired Ford Motor Company chief executive and HUSTLER's January Asshole of the Month.

In his role as head of Ford Motor Company, Mr. Ford has been more responsible than anybody for the decline of the American automobile. As millions of Ford-owners know only too well, Ford Motor Company has been the leader in the American automobile industry's recent rush toward inferiority. These days Ford's "better idea" seems to mean sloppy design, shoddy workmanship and cheap materials.

What a sad state of affairs it is when the Ford automobile, the very symbol of American ingenuity and know-how, sinks to such a low level that even Henry Ford II himself had to admit in a 1979 *Newsweek* interview: "I don't think we've gotten our product up to the quality and reliability that I would have hoped for. We've slipped."

What has been the result of Ford's folly? Well, for one thing, more Americans are buying foreign cars. Our economy suffers tremendously because of this, not to mention the blow the trend strikes at our national pride.

But who can blame American motorists for shopping in overseas markets when domestic companies like Ford are putting out worse and worse products each

year? Who wants to pay higher and higher prices for a second-rate machine with a life span shortened just so Ford can save money? In 1978, for example, 2.7 million Ford engines were found to be more susceptible to wearing out in cold weather because of a cost-saving move that eliminated two oil holes from the piston connecting rods.

The newest-model Fords are the worst of the lot. It doesn't take a master mechanic to notice that in the last two years Ford bodies have become even tinier, their upholsteries flimsier

and their motors more unreliable.

Maybe Ford-owners are better off when their cars aren't running. At least that way they can stay alive. Ford's reputation has yet to recover from the infamous Pinto affair, when dozens of people burned to death in Ford Pintos and Bobcats built between 1971 and 1976 that were equipped with fuel tanks prone to exploding upon even minor impact. According to a former Ford design executive, the company resisted using a safer tank because it would have cost \$8 more per car.

And how did Ford Motor Company respond when the Pinto's dangerous design was exposed? Ford officials simply called the charges "half-truths" and "exaggerations," even though the accusations were absolutely accurate. When Ford was finally forced to do something about its death machines, the company made minor modifications that consumer advocate Ralph Nader called "grossly inadequate."

Despite the fact that he resigned effective last October 1, Henry Ford II and his family still own 40% of the voting stock of the \$43-billion-a-year business. That's a hefty sum, especially considering that in 1975 Ford Motor Company paid *no taxes* and also received a combined \$189-million tax refund for 1974 and 1975.

As if it weren't enough being responsible in large part for the downfall of the American automobile, a stockholders' suit has accused Mr. Ford of, among other things, taking a \$2-million bribe from high-ranking Philippine government officials in exchange for building a plant on the islands, and a \$750,000 bribe from the Canteen Corporation in return for a food concession at Ford plants. He has denied the charges, and while the suit was thrown out of court on technical grounds, some stockholders vow to continue their action.

It's a real crime that so many people have to suffer because of assholes in high places like Henry Ford II. One thing's for sure—we'll all be better off when there's no Ford in our future.



# Catnip

Eating pussy can be an elegant experi-

ence, especially when you take time for the paws that refreshes.



# Quips of the Tongue

*Blooper Tube* is a very funny collection of the best-blown lines and verbal goofs in 25 years of

TV. Now that most shows are taped, often what could have been a great moment of television winds up on the cutting-room floor, and the public never sees the *ακλίσια*. So if you like to see important, pretentious people make total fools of themselves, this is the book

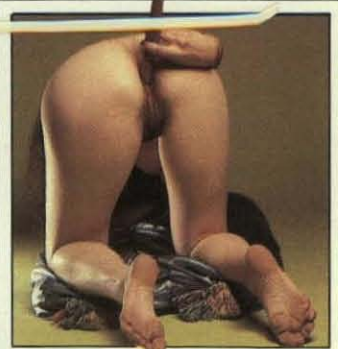
for you. It's available at bookstores or by mail from the Sales Department, Crown Publishing, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. The cost is \$5.95 for paperback or \$10 for hardbound, along with a \$1 charge for postage and handling on either volume.



# Prison-Art Contest

It's no con—we want creative prisoners to send us their best erotic art for HUSTLER's first Prison-Art Contest. The outstanding entrant will receive a year's subscription to our magazine and see his or her art published in HUSTLER. We're hoping prison officials won't stand in the way of artistic freedom this time, so start that porn rolling in.

Mail all entries to Prison-Art Contest, HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. The deadline for all submissions is April 30, 1980.



# Smoke Gets in Your Hemmies

Here's the latest fad to catch on among tobacco junkies just dying to avoid lung cancer. Would we lie to you?



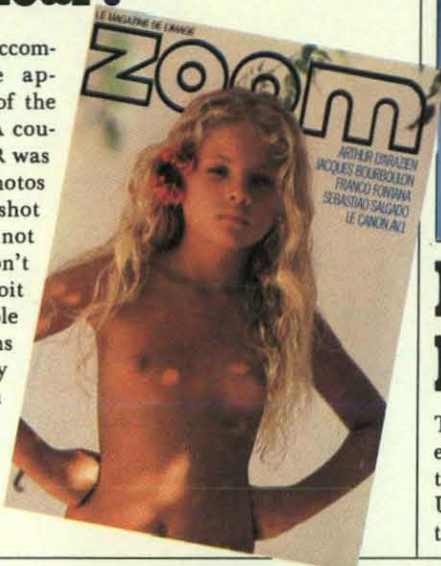


## Porn-Fed Pork

"Muppet" star Miss Piggy refused to pose for *Playboy* because it wasn't in keeping with her image. But could it be that, like many other celebrities, the little squealer got her start in raunchy reels before she became a famous TV personality?

## Young at Heart

This cover photo and an accompanying feature article appeared in a recent issue of the French magazine *Zoom*. A couple of years ago HUSTLER was offered the entire set of photos from which this cover shot was taken, but we chose not to run them because we don't believe it's right to exploit young girls who are unable to make critical decisions for themselves. Every model who appears in HUSTLER Magazine is of legal age and is mentally capable of making mature decisions, while children are not.



## Exec-U-Flush

Time is money when you're an executive on the go. With the new portable Exec-U-Flush you don't have to put the call of nature

on hold during busy days—you just keep right on working hour after hour. Take it with you wherever you go, and stop pissing away a fortune in missed opportunities. Get the new Exec-U-Flush today!

## No More War Toys

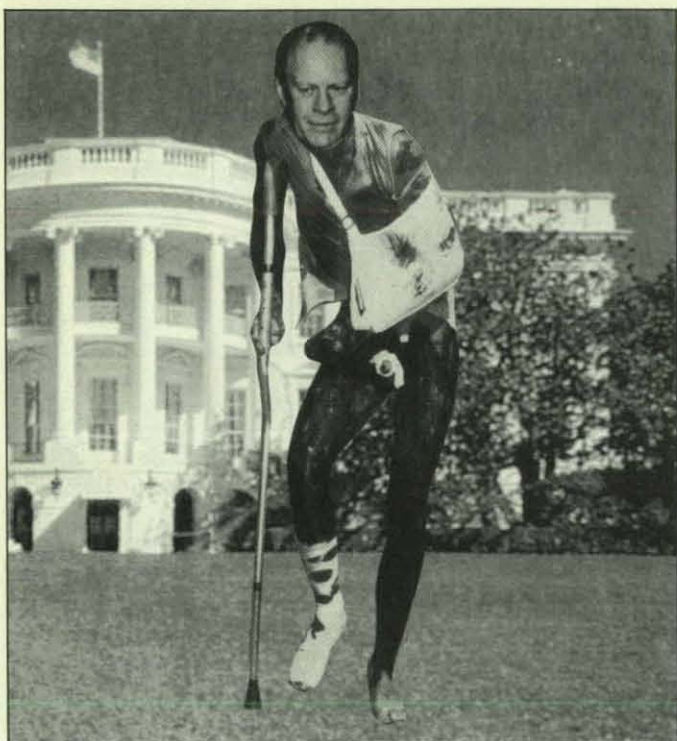
It's really murder to find just the right Christmas gift for the kids in the family. That's why the John Wayne Gacy dollhouse is the perfect present for this holiday season. Children of all ages will squeal with delight when broken little bodies unexpectedly tumble out of their hiding places. Parents will be absolutely floored by the low, low price. But don't take our word for it—just listen to what one satisfied customer had to say:

"My friends just died laughing. Thanks a million."

—D. Fective





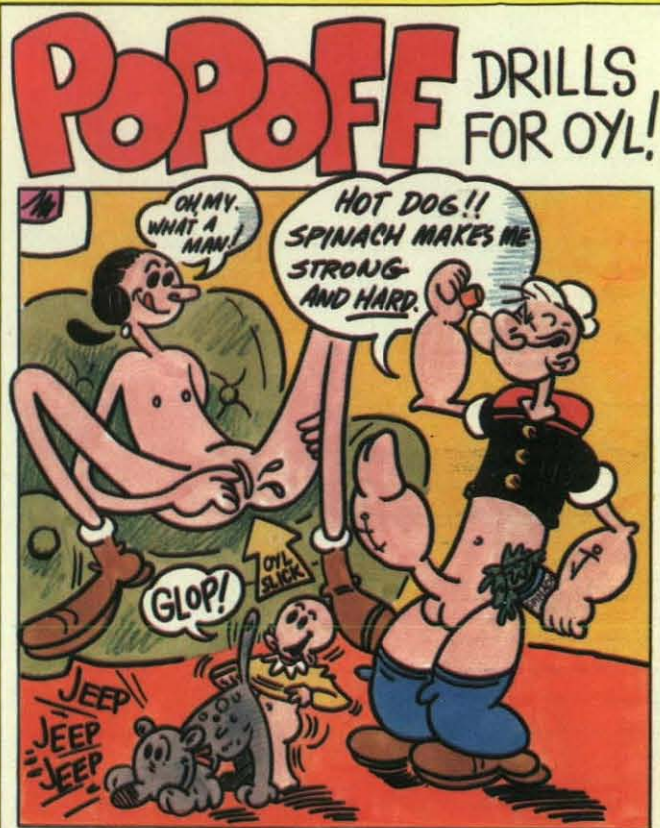


## Presidential Rejection

This is what happened when ex-Chief Executive Jerry Ford tried to run for the Presidency and chew gum at the same time.

Ford's manager said the Republican candidate will continue the campaign while in traction.

## HUSTLER's Carnal Comics



## Wild and Crazy Guy

Everybody knows gold chains are "in." If you want to impress your friends at the disco, pick up on this new gold chain from the John Revolta Jewelry Company. If you buy one now, the company will also send you an attractive designer neck brace free of charge.



## The Body Beautiful

What do Janis Joplin and England's King Edward VII have in common besides being dead? They were both tattooed, according to the colorful new book *Pushing Ink*, written by New York tattoo artist Spider Webb.

Tattooing is no longer an open invitation to blood poisoning, performed by sleazy degenerates carving anchors, "Mom" and the like into the arms of drunken sailors. It's now a relatively safe form of self-expression, utilizing bril-

liant new designs drawn by skilled craftsmen.

*Pushing Ink's* straightforward text and more than 150 black-and-white and color photos provide an excellent introduction to this ancient art form. You can pick up a copy at your local bookstore, or by mail from Simon & Schuster's Mail-Order Department, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020. Enclose \$17.50 for the hardbound or \$8.95 the paperback, plus \$1 for postage and handling.





## Consumer Protection

Sick and tired of fighting the rising cost of living? Strike back with the Inflation-Buster Kit. (Getaway car not included.) You can make big money in your spare time, and it's all tax-free. You'll be your own boss, meet new and exciting people, and spend a great deal of time in dark alleys. The principles behind this kit have been used for years by America's leading corporations, recognized experts in the field of accumulating wealth. So don't wait another minute; get your kit now! (Limited supply. Offer void where prohibited by law.)

## 302 Beavers

Here's still another first for HUSTLER—96 pages of unpublished Beaver photos coming your way in the one and only HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT. We've rounded up pussy from around the world to bring you this inside look at more than 300 sweethearts. This massive project took its toll though; Managing Editor Jim Heinisch suffered a nasty case of pussy shock and was forced to go on a nookie-free diet. Heinisch gave his all so that you could see the USA the HUSTLER way, so go out and get your copy now! The collection is available wherever HUSTLER is sold, or by sending \$2.95—plus 50¢ for postage and handling—to BEAVER HUNT, Flynt Subscription Company, Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067.



Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of your life, so the least you can do is put on clean underwear. To help guide you through a future you probably want no part of, HUSTLER's Executive Editor Lee Quarnstrom assembled this set of predictions for 1980. If none of them come true, don't blame us though—we don't make the future; we just write about it.

Martians will land in New York City in July. They'll buy sunglasses and visit the Empire State Building, then leave.

An earthquake will level Parma, Ohio. No one will care.

Having closed down all the sex businesses in Atlanta, Solicitor General Hinson A. McAuliffe will open a string of adult-book stores featuring magazines that highlight unspeakable sexual deviations involving white mice and a jar of mayonnaise.

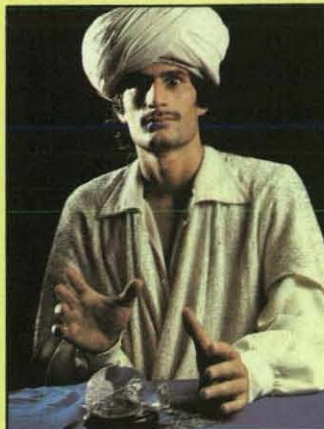
Idi Amin will become gourmet-cooking editor of *Ebony*.

*Oui* magazine will make a desperate attempt to stay alive by becoming a men's magazine. The revolutionary idea will occur to Managing Editor Peter Brennan while he's looking at a copy of HUSTLER in the privacy of his bathroom.

Jimmy Hoffa will be found in Chicago. In Newark. In Cleveland. In Miami.

Karen Ann Quinlan will pass the year quietly.

An outbreak of cervical cancer will force a recall of several thousand rubber love dolls.



## Future Schlock

HUSTLER will win the Pulitzer Prize for its shocking expose of the squalid living conditions of the rich, in an article entitled "Behind Closed Doors: Bel Air's Secret Shame."

Xaviera Hollander will replace Johnny Carson on the *Tonight* show, which will be renamed the \$2-Night show.

*Reader's Digest* will be found obscene in Atlanta, Georgia.

Parma, Ohio, will be completely reconstructed. No one will notice.

Researchers will discover that people cause cancer in white rats.

David Felton will continue working on his lifetime project, a biography of Larry Flynt.

Richard Nixon will again try to learn how to walk along a beach looking like John F. Kennedy. As in 1979, no one will have the heart to tell him to remove his wingtip shoes first.

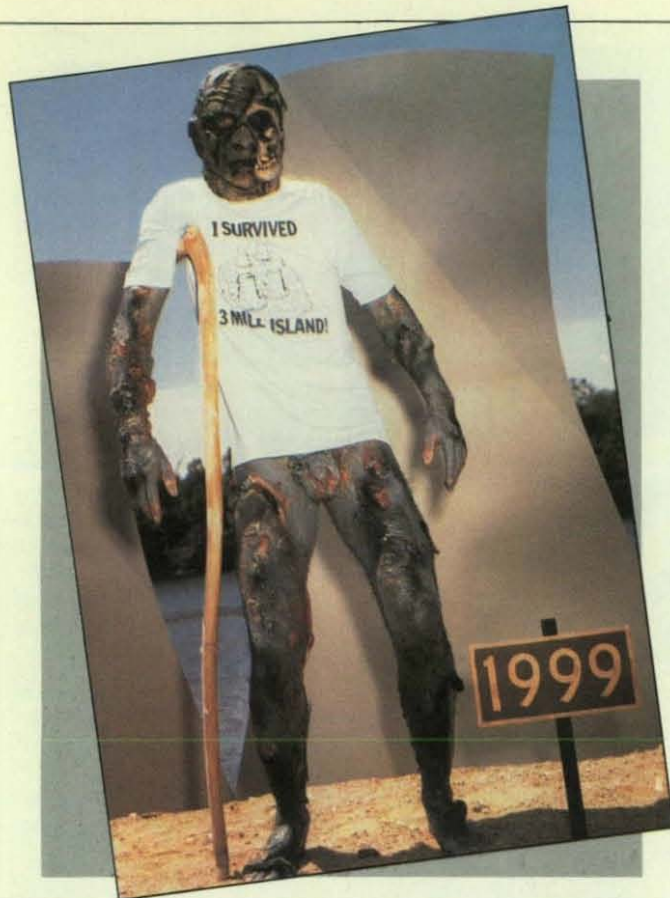
Old people, prized by furriers for their white hair, will be placed on the endangered-species list after thousands are clubbed to death by hunters in Canada.

Hugh Hefner will marry a blue-haired matron his own age.

Mr. Coffee will die. Joe DiMaggio will have a dozen roses placed on Mr. Coffee's grounds every day.

Again, a plane en route from Finland to Poland will be hijacked by a Polish desperado who will order the pilot to "take this plane to Poland."





## The Beast Is Yet to Come

Sirs:

To tell the truth, we're sick and tired of listening to those chickenshit environmentalists whine about the dangers of nuclear power. So what if people wind up looking like pieces of liver left over from a sum-

mer-camp circle-jerk? Change is part of life, and the sooner you simpering faggots out there learn to accept it, the better.

Sincerely,  
Jerry Aibel, President,  
Three Mile Island  
Utility Company



## What's Wrong With These Pictures?

We were going to make a joke about how Jimmy Carter's



ability to blend into the crowd at the Kennedy assassinations finally paid off for him—in the Presidency. Of course, all we wanted to do was poke a little fun at our number-one peanut politician.

But since Jimmy is clearly not going to win renomination, we decided not to do it because we didn't want to be blamed for his political downfall. He deserves all the credit for that.

## Good Golly, Miss Dolly

When we heard the news report about San Francisco doctors removing a 200-pound growth from an unidentified woman, we were dumbfounded. Until, that is, one of our editors came in with this photo. We're not absolutely convinced that these two events are linked, but we do hope her singing doesn't go flat as well.

Actually, this is a doctored photograph, as you can tell. Dolly Parton's breasts, fortunately, are still wonderfully intact.



## Ads We'd Like to See

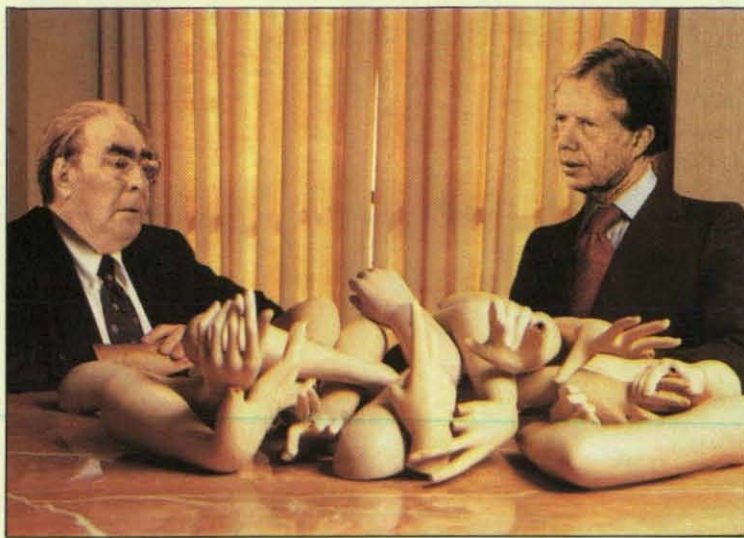
### ENLARGE YOUR PENIS



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No pills! No gimmicks! All you need are two hands and the ability to withstand excruciating pain. Add inches immediately without any side effects (although your dong might take on a strange resemblance to a buttermilk pancake).





## Arms - Limitation Talks

Many Americans have had a hard time putting their finger on exactly what happened at the SALT II meetings that took place last year. So here's a first-hand look at the strategic-arms-limitation negotiations held between President Jimmy Carter and Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev.

## HUSTLER Update



**MIKE THEVIS**  
May 1976  
Pioneer porn publisher Mike Thevis is back on trial again, as federal prosecutors attempt to prove he sought control of the nation's smut industry through murder, arson and extortion. When he profiled the onetime "Emperor of Erotica" back in 1976, he had yet to be formally accused of any involvement in murder. The racketeering charges he now faces stem primarily from the grand jury testimony of former Thevis associate Roger Underhill, shotgunned to death on October 25, 1978. The indictment links Thevis to that murder and three others.

### FRANK RIZZO

August 1976  
This former Asshole of the Month has plummeted to depths we didn't even know existed. The U.S. Justice Department has now accused Philadelphia's renegade ex-mayor of condoning widespread police brutality and wholesale civil-rights violations in the City of Brotherly Love. The department's sweeping lawsuit against the city's top officials marks the first time the federal government has ever charged an entire police force with indiscriminate brutality. Rizzo, a former police commissioner, terms the suit "complete hogwash." Two years ago, following an incident in which ten policemen broke nightsticks on a black who'd run a stop sign, the mayor had an even better comment. He said, "It's very easy to break some of these nightsticks nowadays."



## Good-Bye, Mr. CHiPs

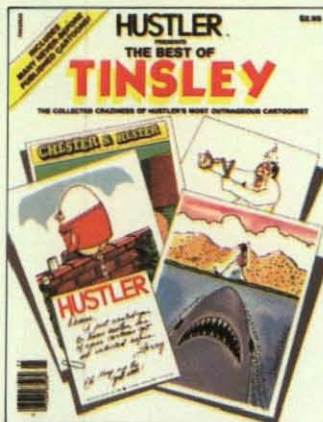
### Erik Estrada



Both on and off the screen I ride respectfully, quietly and safely.



This public-service advertisement appeared before Eric Estrada, the popular star of the TV series *CHiPs*, almost killed himself by crashing his motorcycle during the shooting of a chase scene. The actor is recovering, but it's obvious that when it comes to avoiding potential accidents, Estrada is about as much of an expert as the look-out on the *Titanic*.



## 'Tis the Season to Be Jolly

HUSTLER's flakiest cartoonist strikes again with *THE BEST OF TINSLEY*, which includes some never-before-published cartoons and a section featuring some of the all-time greatest *Chesters*. Dwaine's already a legend in his own mind, so don't miss this chance to take a legend home. Pick up your copy at newsstands everywhere, or send \$2.95—plus 50¢ for postage and handling—to BEST OF TINSLEY, Flynt Subscription Company, Inc., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



## Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For January, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Daerick Gross and Lloyd Wilkins.



# SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER!



**DEBI**

Get down and get earthy with December 1979's centerfold. Debi's a real pro—so be there when she gets your bases loaded as she makes a grand slam with her baseball bat.



**FEATURING**

# HUSTLER HONEYS



**DEBBIE**

Roll with November 1979's Honey, who's gonna disco-skate you out of your inhibitions as she strips down to her wheels and shows you that things really do go better with Coke.



**CHRISSIE**

July 1979's campfire Honey makes friends with her flashlight, begging for more. And more is what Chrissie gets. Light up your life with this sexy girl-next-door.



**LOLITA**

Lolita (October 1979) looks sweet and innocent, but underneath she's a ripening passion. Share a young girl's wet dreams as she returns from school and humps her dumpty.



**INGA**

See October 1979's centerfold in action. When a dive into a swimming pool does nothing to cool Inga down, the young lady takes on a full bottle of champagne.



**BEAUTY**

What happens when Beast's Beauty (November 1978) grows up to find the Beast just isn't enough? Watch her on the rampage trying to satisfy her voracious sexual appetite.

Give your friends a hard-on for Christmas with six of HUSTLER's hottest Honeys. They'll make your wet dreams come true as they share their steamiest sexual experiences with you. Act now to take advantage of our special Christmas offer—any two Honeys of your

choice for just \$32 (in regular 8mm) or \$42.50 (in Super 8mm). Otherwise the films are available in regular 8mm (\$19.95), Super 8mm (\$24.95) and Super 8mm with FULL SOUND (\$39.95). Or see all six girls on VHS or Beta for \$99.95.

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State _____ Zip _____		<input type="checkbox"/> Debi <input type="checkbox"/> Lolita <input type="checkbox"/> Debbie <input type="checkbox"/> Inga <input type="checkbox"/> Chrissie <input type="checkbox"/> Beauty			
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*Advise & Consent* is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Betty Frame

**Gonorrhea Vaccine:** I understand that doctors are trying to come up with a vaccine to prevent gonorrhea. I'd really like to know the status of their studies.

—L. M.  
Houston, Texas

Each year more than 2 million Americans contract gonorrhea. The first symptoms are usually pain when urinating and a discharge of pus. But many women and some men experience no noticeable symptoms. If left untreated, the disease can cause serious complications, including arthritis and sterility. Though penicillin will cure most strains of gonorrhea, new ones are cropping up that are resistant to this drug.

Clearly what is needed is a vaccine to prevent this disease in the first place. But gonorrhea has certain peculiarities that could make developing an effective vaccine difficult if not impossible.

A significant breakthrough was made recently when microbiologists discovered that the gonococcus—the little organism that causes the disease—has on its surface tiny hairlike projections called pili, which help the gonococcus adhere to the cells of the urinary or reproductive tracts. Charles C. Brinton, Jr., of the University of Pittsburgh was the first to make a vaccine from purified gonococcus pili. Brinton's vaccine produces antibodies that coat the pili of invading gonococci, thus preventing them from latching onto the tissues.

The new vaccine has been tested with promising results. But even if further tests prove it to be reliably effective, it will still be several years before the gonorrhea vaccine is publicly available.

**Kindest Cut:** I am a 22-year-old virgin. It's not that I'm a prude; it's just that I never felt the time was right. Now I've met a man who is very special to me. But before I go to bed with him, I'd like to have my hymen cut by a doctor. (I know I have one, and it is still intact.) I want to avoid the whole mess and pain of the first time. However, all the doctors I've called said they'd do it only if they thought it was necessary. They'd rather it was broken naturally.

Whether or not they think it's necessary, I happen to be terrified of the pain of that first time and I'd like my hymen cut beforehand. It's not as if I were asking for a prescription for some drugs that I didn't need. Can a doctor legally refuse to do this for me because he doesn't think it's necessary, even though I want it done?

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

Yes, doctors are within their legal rights to refuse to perform surgery they do not deem necessary.

Most doctors rightly consider any kind of surgery to be the last resort.

Surgery is the most drastic way to deal with any medical problem, and there is always some degree of risk involved. Unless a woman's hymen is so tough that it can't be stretched or torn, most doctors will try more conservative approaches first. One such method is using your finger over a period of a few weeks to slowly stretch the opening until it can comfortably accommodate a penis. (See the letter "Virgin Woes" in December 1979's *Advise & Consent* for more details.)

Some doctors recommend using a series of vaginal dilators. A dilator is a plug that's shaped somewhat like an erect penis. The doctor will prescribe four or five different sizes. You start by lubricating the smallest one and inserting it into your vagina. Then you put on a sanitary napkin to keep it in place and walk around with the dilator inside you. You do this for a few hours each day until the dilator is easy to insert. Then you try the next larger size. Continue until you can insert the largest dilator with ease. If you want to stretch the opening even more, you can use a dildo or vibrator.

Your fear of pain is quite normal, but since prior stretching of the area will greatly reduce the likelihood of your being hurt, there's no reason to be frightened. Since your boyfriend undoubtedly knows that you are a virgin, he should take his time and not rush you the first time you make love together.

Once you are aroused and your natural lubricant starts to flow, you should be relaxed enough

to enjoy your first intercourse. Also remember that there is only one first time, and risking a little discomfort once will open the way to a lot of pleasure in the future.

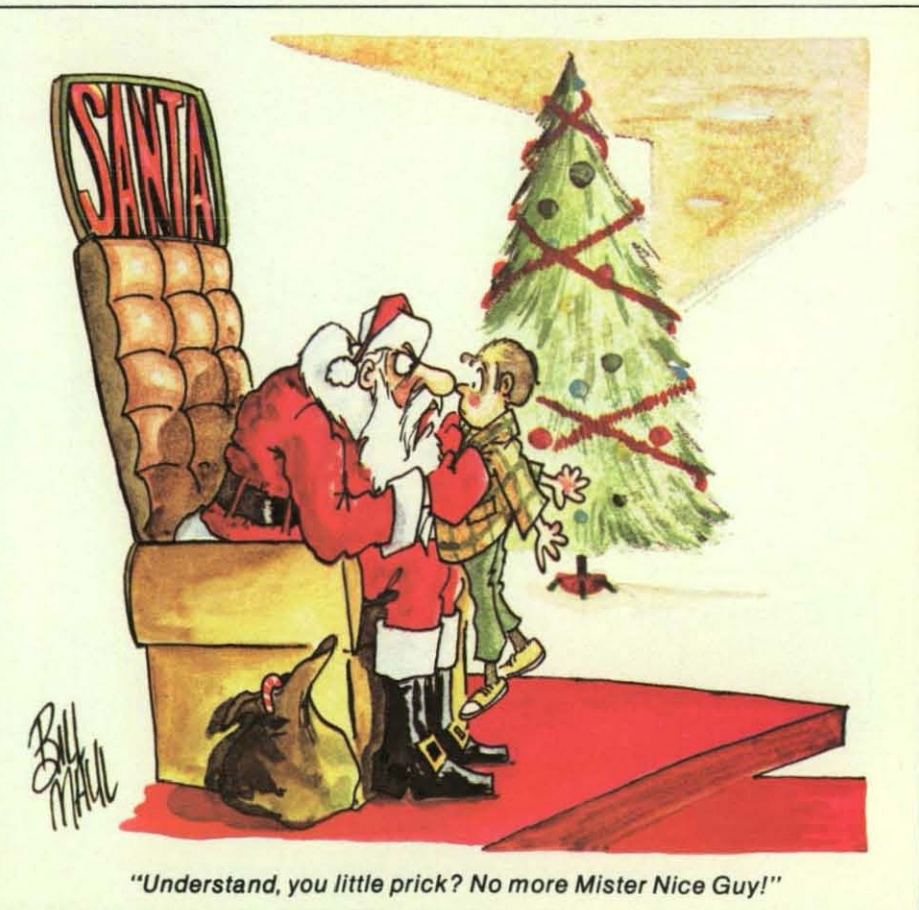
**Man or Beast:** I am a 45-year-old man married to a woman of the same age. We are very much in love, but our sex life is on the wane after all these years. My wife would never consent to swinging, but she's no prude either. We have oral sex, and we use dildos and vibrators and things like that. But I have come to the conclusion that something new must be added.

Ever since I saw a stag movie in which a dog fucked a woman, I have wanted to see my wife make it with a dog. I have mentioned this on a number of occasions when we were making love, and I think that under the right conditions she might go for it. But I would really like to hear your opinion.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

If your wife did have intercourse with a dog, she would be engaging in a form of bestiality. It is questionable whether this is a healthy activity. Some sexologists would not be concerned about your wanting to watch such an act, while others feel that such behavior indicates that you get off on watching women being degraded.

Regardless of the cause, yours is a common and age-old fantasy, as is evidenced by bestiality scenes depicted in mythology and folklore.



"Understand, you little prick? No more Mister Nice Guy!"



Apparently you have shared this fantasy with your wife, but have not shared the fact that you want to try it out. So tell her. Since you say that "she's no prude," it may be OK with her. But if she says no, drop it. Forcing her to comply could certainly endanger your otherwise good relationship. And once the pressure is off, she just may change her mind.

In the meantime stop by your local adult-book store or sex shop and pick up some books, magazines or films on bestiality. Pornography is a very healthy way to satisfy longings that cannot be lived out. Ask your wife to look at the pictures and watch the films with you. She may get off on sharing your fantasy.

With regard to swinging, why not ask her about it? Ironically, you think she'd be more apt to engage in bestiality, which most people find a lot less natural than switching partners. Besides, no matter how well you know a person, it's dangerous to assume how he or she will feel about anything. Assumptions often turn out to be incorrect. The worst your wife can do is say no.

**Breast-Reduction:** I'm a 45-year-old woman who's always been proud of her large breasts. Well, no more. Over the last few years they have begun to sag terribly. I'm having more and more backaches too. A friend told me that the weight of my boobs could be causing them. Is this true? I know you can have surgery to make your breasts bigger, but can you have them made smaller too? If so, would my insurance pay for it?

—H. B.  
St. Louis, Missouri

The surgery you refer to is called reduction mammoplasty. It involves the removal of tissue from oversized breasts. Although some women undergo this operation solely for cosmetic reasons, many do it for reasons like your own. Heavy breasts can cause backache, poor posture, neck strain, curvature of the spine, and sore shoulders from cutting bra straps. Women over 40 are especially prone to these discomforts since their bones are less able to support the weight of their breasts.

The most common surgical procedure for removal of excess breast tissue involves making a circular incision around the areola (the pigmented area around the nipple), a vertical incision down the underside of the breast and an elliptical incision in the crease where the breast meets the chest wall.

During surgery the nipple is left attached to the body by a stem of tissue so that its blood supply is maintained. Then it is lifted to a new position on the reduced breast.

Reduction mammoplasty takes from three to four hours and is usually performed in a hospital under general anesthesia. It is not as painful as you might think. A mild analgesic, like aspirin, will normally alleviate any discomfort. You can start wearing a bra after a few days, and return to work after two weeks. The cost ranges greatly—from \$1,000 to \$5,000—averaging \$3,000 in most metropolitan areas.

In addition to the usual risks involved in any surgical procedure, breast-reduction has a few side effects: The scar is permanently visible, though it will not show when you're wearing bathing suits or low-cut dresses. Since nerves are cut, the nipples often lose their sensitivity, at

least temporarily. And most women cannot breast-feed, because the milk ducts are impaired during surgery.

The best way to find a good surgeon is through your regular physician. If he can't recommend one, check with a first-rate hospital. The staff plastic surgeon is likely to be well-qualified. Or you can write the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, Inc. (29 East Madison Street, Suite 800, Chicago, Illinois 60602) for the names of plastic surgeons in your area.

Your insurance company may pay for the operation if your doctor will document that there are medical reasons for your having it.

**The Wrong Sex:** I am a woman trapped inside a man's body. I used to think I was gay, but I have just realized that I am not. I was born into the wrong sex. I have everything that a woman has except for female sex organs and protruding breasts. I have a woman's thoughts, feelings, looks and shape. I would like some information on sex changes and where to write or go in the southern New Jersey area.

—R. C.  
Millville, New Jersey

Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, was the first U. S. institution to perform the controversial sex-change surgery. That was in 1965. Since then over 100 transsexuals have gone to the hospital, and four to six have been recommended for surgery each year. Six months ago, however, Johns Hopkins announced that it would no longer perform sex-change operations. This decision was made after a study by staff psychiatrist Jon K. Meyer concluded that surgery did not significantly improve a transsexual's adjustment to life.

Dr. Meyer studied 50 persons who had sought sex changes. All received psychiatric counseling; 26 underwent surgery and 24 did not. Their adjustment was monitored in such areas as education, marriage, social interactions and job success. Dr. Meyer found that those who had had surgery did not adjust significantly better than those who had not.

Johns Hopkins's Sexual Behavior Consultation Unit (6009 North Wolfe Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21205; telephone: 301-955-6318, 301-955-3246) is a good place for you to start. If after counseling you still want to have the surgery, you will probably be referred to the University of Virginia Gender Identity Clinic, Charlottesville, Virginia 20903. If you prefer, you can contact the University of Virginia first, but Johns Hopkins is a few hundred miles closer to where you live.

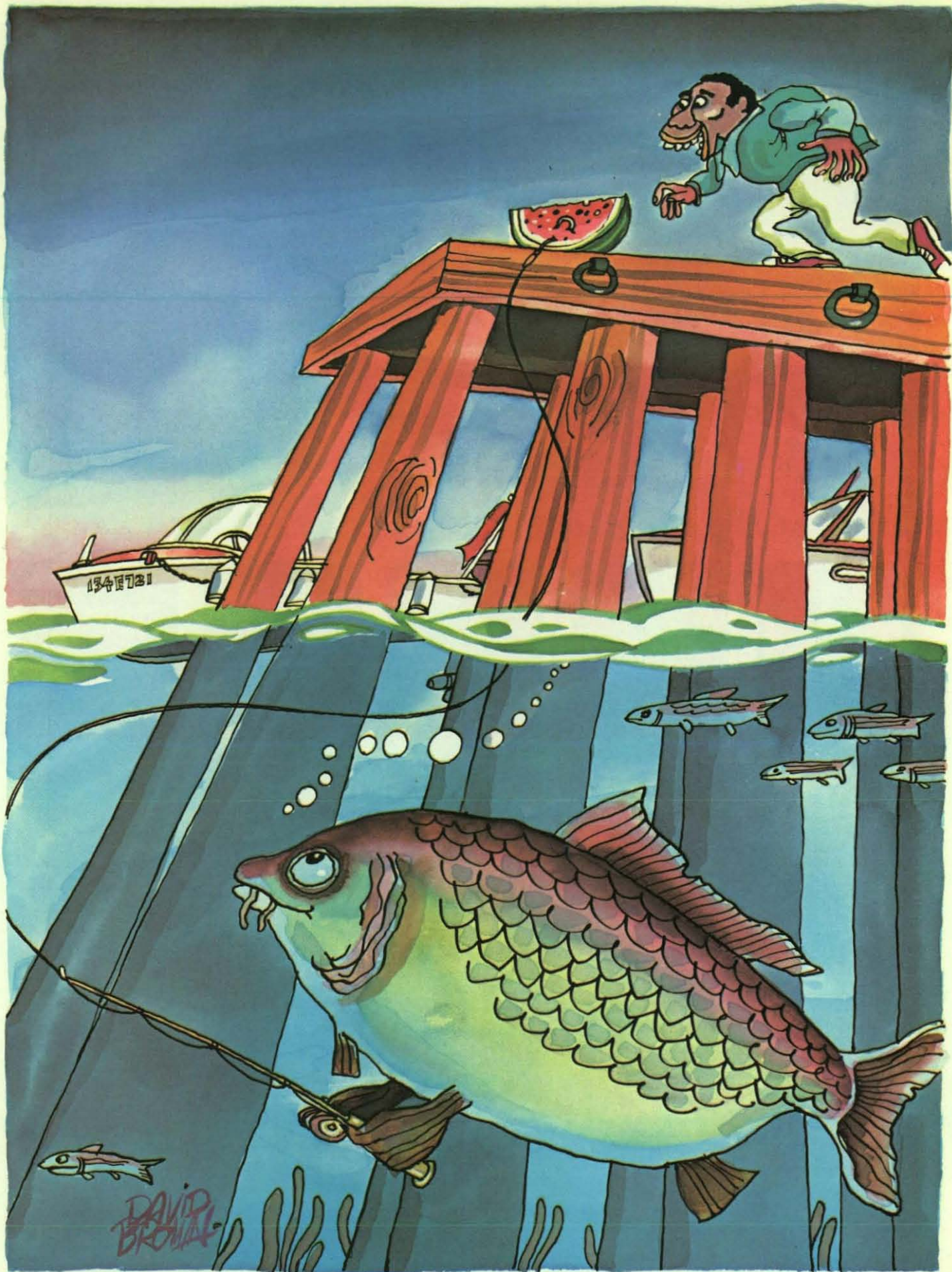
**Skinny Cock:** I just read the *Sex Play* article about cosmetic cock surgery that appeared in the February 1979 issue of *HUSTLER*. I found it very interesting, for it answered a lot of questions. But what I am wondering is if you can find the name and address of the urologist nearest to me. I live in Kentucky, about 35 miles from Louisville and 40 miles from Lexington. I want to find out all I can about silicone injections, since I have for years been embarrassed by my

(continued on page 32)



"What the hell good are you if you don't suck his cock?!"

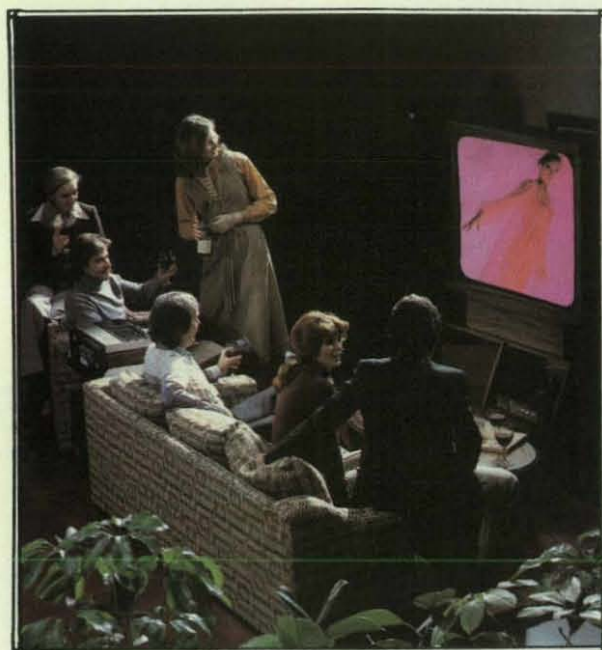






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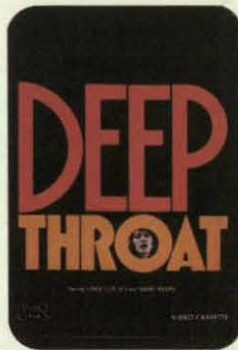
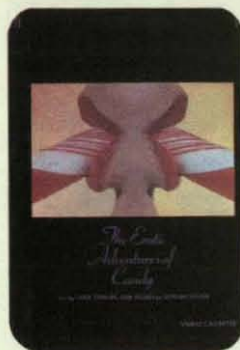
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## EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

### Tangerine

Directed by Robert (The Ecstasy Girls) McCallum and beautifully photographed (for the most part) in natural light, this exceptionally well-made erotic film tells the story of a high-society hostess named Tangerine (Cece Malone) and her three horny "teenage daughters"—Faith (Holly McCall), Hope (Laurie Blue) and Charity (Angel Desmond).

Tangerine regularly throws sumptuous and uninhibited parties at her townhouse by the sea—gatherings attended by rich executives and legislators. But her real profession involves sexual blackmail and peddling of industrial secrets—a scam baited by her allegedly underage nymphettes. In reality, the story discloses, the three girls are no more her daughters than they are teenagers. But that doesn't prevent Faith, Hope and Charity from pretending to be 15, 14 and 13 years of age respectively, and the film traces their activities as they snare, seduce and then threaten to snitch on each affluent victim.

It's a good tale, and while none of the daughters look quite as young as they say they are, each one is provocative enough to stir up horniness in a bluenosed bishop. Holly McCall as Faith has a particularly talented pair of snatch-lips that she can tie into a bow like ribbons on a parcel (which she did



Affluent blackmail victims clean up their act in 'Tangerine.'

as *Knotty Lady* in October 1979's *HUSTLER*). She can also lick the nipples of her own bounteous boobs. These are noteworthy tricks, though their turn-on value is not necessarily guaranteed. But what converts these freakish delights into 100%-warranted titillation is Holly's natural ability as an ac-

tress. She moves and reacts with the ease of a true professional, and has more onscreen personality than most other porn stars put together.

At the outset of *Tangerine* Faith takes a wealthy Texan named Hammersmith (Milt Ingersoll) into her bathroom and helps him clean up all his

problems. Then she hits him up for \$1,000 a month to keep her "minor" mouth shut. He willingly complies, especially when she promises further soapy-water sports on a regular basis.

The episodes featuring the other sisters are equally erotic and equally businesslike. Charity, for instance, with her neatly trimmed bush and her hair in two cute pigtails, virtually rapes another businessman in the library. She then reminds him that she's "only 13," but she'll keep her mouth shut too if he spills all the beans pertaining to his recent bribery of local officials.

The single weak link in this horny chain of fuck-mail is Tangerine herself. Ms. Malone (who's appeared in several porn flicks under the name of Jennifer West) is a good-looking woman despite the hint of cellulite around her tushy. But she fails to come across convincingly as the powerful, seductive brains behind the scam, and her single sex scene at the end of the film just isn't very sexy.

Taken as a whole, however, *Tangerine* provides excellent value and is well worth a visit.

—M. S.






### Ms. Magnificent

When first released, this sci-fi/comedy sex epic was titled *Superwoman*. But court action initiated by both Warner Brothers and D.C. Comics forced the producers to retitle the picture—first to *Ultrawoman* and now to *Ms. Magnificent*—and redub all dialogue that mentioned the original title. The result of this nonsensical harassment isn't helpful to the clear flow of the film's narrative, as you can imagine. But the bulk of its comedy and eroticism remains unaffected, and the producers garnered a great deal of publicity from the proceedings.

Regardless of the title, there can be no question that all three female leads are *super* women. Succulent and curvaceous Desiree Cousteau is in fine form in the title role, although her apparent ability to leap tall

*This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**  
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**  
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**  
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.





'Ms. Magnificent's' Cousteau was *HUSTLER's* September 1978 centerfold and Butch's Peach (December 1975).

buildings at a single bound does nothing for her limited acting talent.

Faye Dunaway look-alike Jesie St. James portrays the intergalactic dominatrix Kreetta Borgia. Not only is St. James a champion cocksucker, but she also says her lines humorously and convincingly, and that's a rarity in cinematic porn.

Finally, as reporter Lois Loin, Holly McCall (our *Knotty Lady*) spreads her limber labia so widely you can almost greet her cervix. She is another naturally talented actress, and shows signs of becoming a fine comedienne.

The story reveals how Kreetta Borgia blasts in from outer space and lands her flying saucer in a Safeway parking lot in the San Fernando Valley. She's vowed to conquer the universe, and only Ms. Magnificent can stop her. So Kreetta

kidnaps Ms. M's dim boyfriend John and casts a monstrous replica of his schlong in "crap-onite," the only substance that can weaken the Caped Marvel.

After various sexual adventures involving Ms. Magnificent, Kreetta and a host of both Earthlings and aliens, the arch-villainess from outer space straps on the crap-o-nite dildo and gets ready to give Ms. Magnificent her last big bang. Things get tense, but the heroine finally escapes, leaving Kreetta and her crew to blast off in search of a weaker planet.

*Ms. Magnificent* is well-photographed and well-edited, but despite the talented leads, both the script and acting are generally inept. But the hot sex makes up for it, and regardless of the changes forced on the producers, the film will deliver reasonable value for your porn dollar. —N. Morgen Hagen



Hot sex in 'Ms. Magnificent' makes up for film's inept script and acting

## Dracula Sucks

...and frankly, so does this movie. Intended as a hard-core response to the current interest in Dracula and vampirism, *Dracula Sucks* was originally shot with several ex-

qualified the film for an R rating, evidently hoping to make the best of a bad job by reaiming the production at a totally different audience.

The result is an undeniably lavish movie with sets, costumes and an overall technical tone that proclaim big-budget professionalism. But it's also a sex film *without hard-core sex*, despite its cast of porn professionals, and that makes about as much sense as a hot-dog bun without the wiener.

In the spirit of the famous novel by Bram Stoker that started the whole Dracula fad, the story describes how Count Dracula (Jamie Gillis) journeys from Transylvania to England, where he takes up residence next door to an insane asylum. Soon one psychotic patient after another is added to an ever-growing pile of blood-drained corpses, and the distraught asylum directors (John Leslie and Kay Parker) finally begin to get suspicious of their sharp-toothed neighbor. Accordingly, they hire an expert, Dr. Van Helsing (Detlef Van Berg), to track down the vam-



Stunning Annette Haven plays one of Count Dracula's dishes.

plitic sex scenes. These included a boring, nonerotic sequence in which porn queen Serena unenthusiastically sucks cock for several minutes, and a gross, vomit-inspiring episode in which John Holmes accepts a blowjob from a vampire nurse who eventually bites his famous wad off at the roots!

However, if you buy a ticket to this turkey, you won't see these scenes, even though I saw them at the press screening. Why? Because the producers decided to delete all hard-core sex before putting the film into release. By doing so they

pire and destroy him. The Count, meanwhile, continues with his bloody missions, seemingly more concerned with seducing a beautiful female patient, Mina (Annette Haven), than in tangling with his foes.

The cast (a veritable galaxy of well-known porn stars, including Gillis, Parker, Haven, Leslie, Serena, Seka and Holmes) turn in acting performances in the expected fair-to-awful range. Jamie Gillis as Dracula, however, is the exception. His portrayal is energetic, masterful and disciplined; if he'd been around in 1931 (the





Even with performers like Serena this version of 'Dracula' really sucks.

year of the original American version of the film), he could have provided strong competition for Bela Lugosi himself in landing the lead role.

But in the final analysis, despite Gillis's performance and the high-quality production values, *Dracula Sucks* remains a failure. To focus on the sexuality of this classic horror tale is in itself a great idea; the neck-biting, blood-sucking aspects of vampirism are obviously linked to sexual repression. But if you start out to make a sex movie, you'd better finish up with a sex movie, or there's no point in casting it with sex stars.

—Manny Neuhaus

## Blonde in Black Silk

Without any of its X-rated scenes *Blonde in Black Silk* would be a surefire cure for sleeplessness. The story is boring and the dialogue moreso. Fortunately, though, this film is packed to the sprocket holes with hot, lushly photographed sex—more than enough to redeem it from the snore-inducing script.

The plot describes how a successful, seductive businesswoman—The Countessa (Serena)—secretly purchases *Metropolitan* magazine and anon-

ymously orders its editor to investigate the details of her own operation. The resulting expose provides most of the erotic action in *Black Silk*, as the Countessa's idea of business is to get down and dirty as often as possible. In the final sequences of the film the editor eventually discovers that the subject of his investigation is his new boss. Astounded, he suggests that the story be killed. But the Countessa insists that it see print. "It will be perfect publicity," she says, "for my new perfume—Scandal."

Anyone looking for an award-winning plot should consider himself forewarned. But the rest of you will be pleased to know that sitting through this ridiculous tale will expose you to some of the best sex action ever captured by the camera.

My favorite scene (partly because it was so well-filmed) was shot on St. Patrick's Day in New York City. The Countessa wanders through crowds of revelers and marching bands. Spotting a luscious young cheerleader (Arcadia), the Countessa seduces her in a convenient camper. When the girls' squad-leader and supervisor (Eric Edwards) peeks in on the action through an open window, he demands satisfaction—and needless to say, he gets it.

Technically, *Blonde in Black Silk* was shot and edited with a professionalism rivaling that of many current Hollywood straight films. One scene in particular stands out because of its technical excellence—a chase sequence in which the Countessa flees through deserted lots and up fire escapes from a small band of motorcycle toughs. She finally seeks refuge in an abandoned warehouse. Believing herself safe, she starts to look for a way out and approaches a steel door. Suddenly the door bursts open to reveal a thundering motorcycle, which pins her to the wall. The subsequent rape is both hot and energetic, but for sheer excitement it palls when compared to the moment when that steel door violently opens.

Serena is at her ever-loving best in this film, and she's ably supported by Merle Michaels, Samantha Fox, Kaysey Rogers and Erica Richardson in supporting roles.

—M. N.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

### Erection

Babylon Pink  
Bad Penny  
Easy  
Legend of Lady Blue  
MisBehavin'  
Sex Roulette  
The Ecstasy Girls

### Three-Quarters Erect

Debbie Does Dallas  
800 Fantasy Lane  
Happy Holiday  
Heavenly Desire  
Jack 'n Jill  
People  
Pro Ball Cheerleaders  
Satin Suite  
Serena  
Sex World  
The Other Side of Julie  
The Pleasure Palace

### Half Erect

Bangkok Connection  
Carnal Games  
China Sisters  
For Richer, For Poorer  
Here Comes the Bride  
Laura's Desires  
Pizza Girls  
Pussycat Ranch  
Taxi Girls  
Telefantasy  
The China Cat  
The Little Blue Box  
The New York Babes  
The Sensuous Detective  
The Untamed

### One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume  
From Holly With Love  
Hot Honey  
Hot Lunch  
Hot Rackets  
More Than Sisters

### Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!  
Fur Trap  
Hardcore  
Sweet Savage  
Tropic of Desire



'Silk' is packed to the sprocket holes with hot, lushly shot sex.



# BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

## A Man's Place: Masculinity in Transition

By Joe L. Dubbert; Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632; \$5.95

In *A Man's Place* history professor Joe Dubbert presents a precise yet easily readable account of how notions of American masculinity have changed from 1830 to the present. As Dubbert describes it, these changes have been radical. Yet the current confusion in this country over what is appropriate masculine behavior highlights Dubbert's main point: The changes have not been radical enough.

According to the author, the male American's drive toward a macho image began around the turn of the century, when men began to chafe at the Victorian concept that genteel, even effeminate values were to be prized in the home. There suddenly erupted an all-out war against "sissies"—a campaign exemplified by Teddy Roosevelt, whose charge up San Juan Hill was seen as the epitome of manhood.

When the United States entered World War I, many of the young Americans who enlisted were former Boy Scouts, members of an organization founded in 1910 with the aim of turning potential pansies into seasoned campers and hunters. Professional sports soon reflected this newfound aggressiveness. Hall of Famer Ty Cobb didn't just steal bases—he intimidated opposing infielders with razor-sharp spikes aimed right at their throats.

In the 1930s, however, the "be-a-man" syndrome took new forms. The men who survived the Depression knew that busting heads in a saloon would not impress their women as much as would bringing home a sizable paycheck, even though job security meant conforming to company policy—"blending in" and "not rocking the boat." Yet the financial rewards of

conformity did little to prepare the Organization Man for the social upheavals of the '60s or the sexual awakenings of the '70s. And that is why the quest for manly validation grows more confusing with each passing year.

*A Man's Place* is that rarity among books by professors—a serious sociohistorical study that is also an exciting book. It is history brought to life in down-to-earth terms of sexual and social behavior. And in the final analysis it drives home the point that masculinity should be an ever-evolving state of mind. The manliest virtue, according to Professor Dubbert, is the ability to grow.

—Larry McClain

## Masterpieces of Erotic Photography

Introduction by Michael Pellerin; Aurum Press (Gibraltar) Ltd., 15 West Heath Road, London, N.W. 3, England; \$39.95

The price of this collection may seem a bit steep. But *Masterpieces of Erotic Photography* contains 176 pages of photographs by 12 of the finest contemporary erotic shutterbugs in the Western world—and both



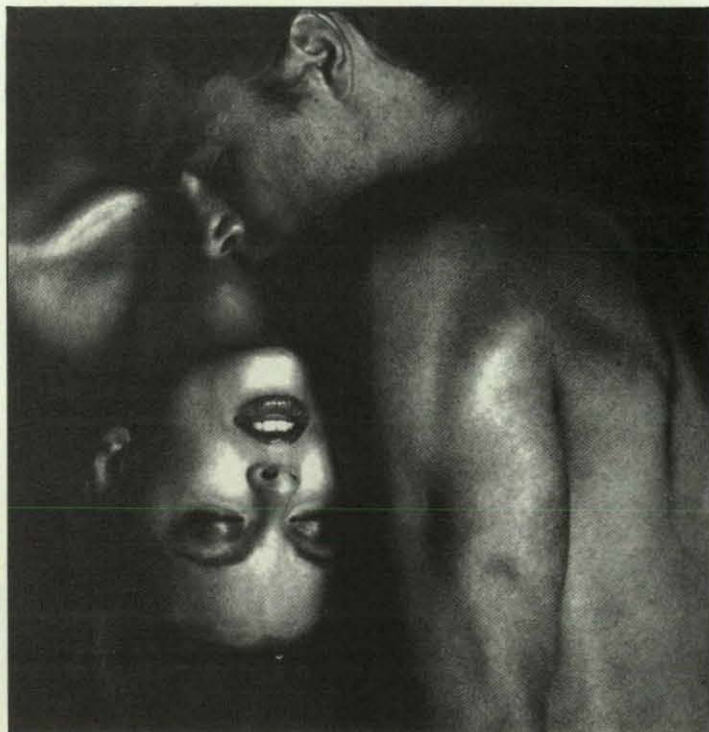
Surreal eroticism by photographer John Thornton—from 'Masterpieces.'

price and title accurately reflect the quality of the content. Approximately half the reproductions are in full color, and each one is printed well enough for framing; flesh tones, skin

pigmentation and even the finest hairs on an arm or a leg are reproduced with dazzling clarity.

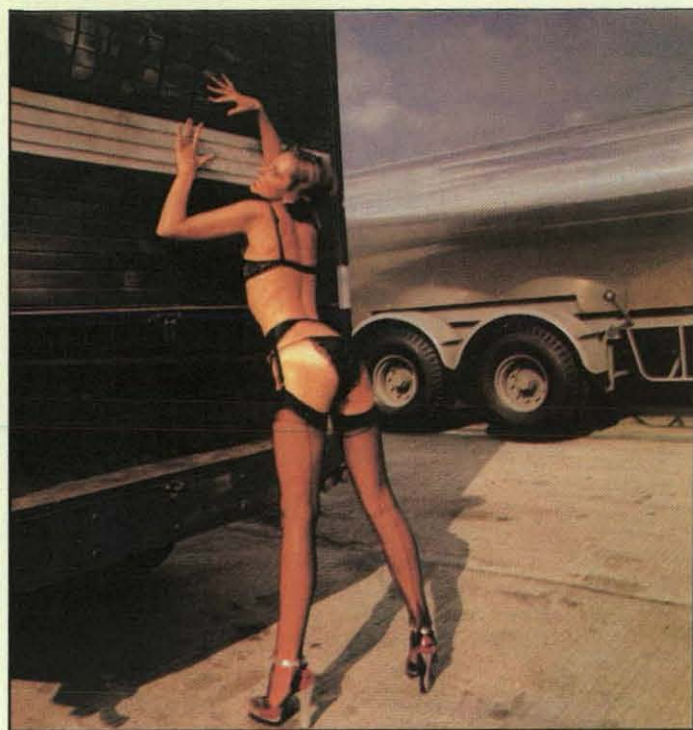
None of the pictures fall into the category of hard-core sex, although a series of color shots by Art Kane representing two lovers making it in a kitchen comes close. But then, hard-core sex is *not* what this book is about. Instead it's concerned with the personal sexual vision of each artist, and how he interprets that vision to make a statement about life itself. And that may be why these pictures stay in the mind long after you've closed the book.

The dozen photographers selected for *Masterpieces* have all achieved worldwide fame. There's David Bailey, for instance, the working-class Londoner who revolutionized English magazine design in the 1960s. Supposedly the model for the Cockney photographer in the film *Blow-Up*, Bailey specializes in garishly lit black-and-white compositions of legs, arms and pubic hair that seem like fragments from a half-remembered dream. By contrast, the color photos of the



'Masterpieces': Interpreting a sexual vision to make a statement about life.





'Masterpieces' displays the work of 12 outstanding erotic shutterbugs.

Australian John Thornton place clear, lush images of women in surrealistic surroundings, like that of the girl who appears to be floating in a vertical swimming pool behind an open door.

The other craftsmen represented in *Masterpieces* are Barry Lategan, Harri Peccinotti, Victor Skrebneski, Kishin Shinozaki, Christian Vogt, Jeanloup Sieff, Sam Haskins, Oliviero Toscani and Duane Michals.

—M. S.

## Eros & Photography

Edited by Donna-Lee Phillips and Lew Thomas; Camerawork/NFS Press, P.O. Box 31040, San Francisco, California 94131; \$10.95

*Eros & Photography* was produced in the wake of an exhibition of sexually oriented photographs at San Francisco's Camerawork Gallery. The book contains black-and-white examples of the work of 72

photographers, and the original prints of most of the pictures in it were hung at the gallery's show.

"The images," claims Donna-Lee Phillips in her introduction, "range from evasive to exploitive, vulgar, sadistic, humorous and perhaps even truly erotic"—a description that is at least partially accurate.

However, considering the book as a whole, I would add two more adjectives to Ms. Phillips's list: *amateurish* and *annoying*. This publication attempts to hide its typographical clumsiness and spelling mistakes behind an editorial tone of snobbish self-righteousness. Ms. Phillips herself is the worst offender here. She's an incompetent editor; she displays no skill in page design; and in her introduction she voices hysterical opinions that betray a mind forever lost to the twin scourges of knee-jerk liberalism and

ing truth about war—that it turns living, loving human beings into bloody garbage—and the accompanying essay is a serious indictment of this nation's warmongering, sex-hating consciousness.

On the other hand, if I turn a few more pages in that same issue of *HUSTLER*, I'll be greeted by a picture of a delectable *HUSTLER* model with her legs spread. Yup—that must be the "erotic context" of which Ms. Phillips writes. Come on, Donna-Lee! Even a San Francisco "photo expert" and "book editor" should know the meaning of the word *contrast*. It is through contrast, surely, that we learn many of life's basic lessons, from the difference between rain and sunshine to the necessity of comparing prices before buying groceries. The placement of that article in *HUSTLER* vividly underscored the contrast between war and



In 'Eros & Photography' 72 photographers are shabbily showcased.

feminist cramps.

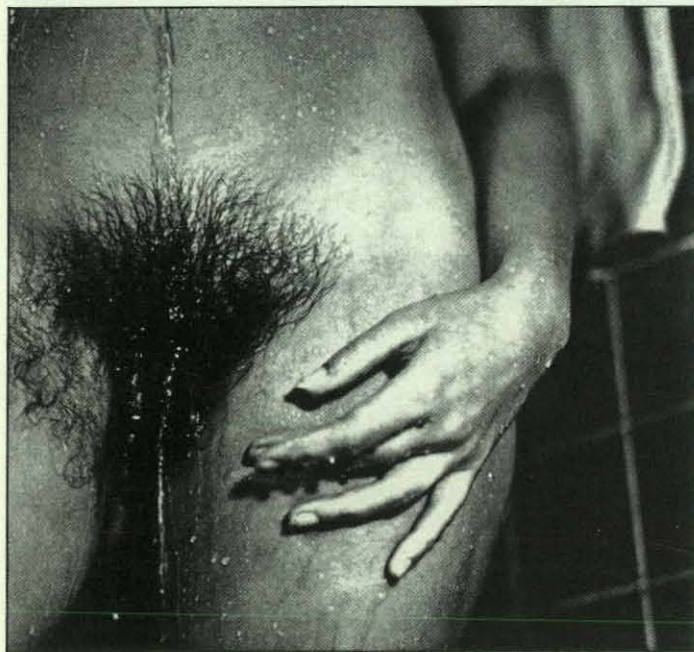
The first part of her introduction investigates the meaning of erotic art with some objectivity. But then she suddenly jumps into an attack on *HUSTLER* for printing its world-famous photo-essay on the horrors of Vietnam (*The Real Obscenity: War*, January 1977). The war piece, she writes, was "obscene" and a "fraudulent presentation of the issue." Her reasoning? Because "it associated human 'meat'—a common enough slang for sexual parts—and the brutalized flesh of war victims in an erotic context."

I have that photo-essay in front of me as I write this, and I don't see any pink-thinking cuties frolicking among the dead American soldiers and burnt children. Those pictures show the uncensored, disgust-

sex. In doing so it raised important questions about the perverse thinking of our times, which claims sex to be obscene and war to be righteous. To quote from the essay in words that even Ms. Phillips will understand: "Looking at open pussy makes you feel good; looking at the body of a decapitated American soldier makes you feel sick."

By contrast, looking at *Eros & Photography* doesn't make you feel much of anything. Yet the book contains erotic images that should appeal to gays and straights, and they are interspersed with extracts from essays, poems and fiction that reveal truly creative minds. It is shameful and scandalous that such talented artists and writers are showcased in such a shabby package.

—M. S.



'Eros': Fine art marred by an editorial tone of snobbish self-righteousness.



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## ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

skinny cock. I'd like to be able to please my girlfriend a lot more. I hope you can find a urologist here in Kentucky who will inject silicone.

—M. S.

Cox's Creek, Kentucky

You should hope we can't. If we did, we'd report him to the AMA. As we pointed out last month when answering a letter about breast augmentation, silicone injections are not authorized by the Food and Drug Administration. The stuff is simply too dangerous. The writer mentioned this fact in the *Sex Play* article you refer to. Our advice is to believe him. The silicone tends to wander from the injection site, causing a misshapen or lumpy appearance, and even death if it gets into the blood stream.

A couple of years ago a Miami Beach dermatologist gave a San Francisco man silicone injections to enlarge his penis. The man was rendered permanently impotent and incapable of sensation. He sued and was awarded \$25,000 in damages.

There is simply no known way to safely and effectively increase the diameter of a penis. So forget silicone injections.

Since pleasing your girlfriend seems to be your primary concern, you are perhaps better equipped just the way you are. A fat cock is not necessarily better than a thin one. Having one's vagina stuffed with a giant cock is not always pleasant; it can even be painful. Besides, most women don't care about penis size. It's the feeling and attitude each person brings to the experience that counts. If you look at yourself as a performer, you're bound to fail regardless of the size of your penis. If, on the other hand, you relax, forget your hang-ups and go with your feelings, you'll be one of the world's better lovers.

Instead of consulting a urologist, we suggest you see a sex therapist to help you overcome your embarrassment over the size of your penis. Call or write to the Kentucky Medical Association (3532 Ephraim McDowell Drive, Louisville, Kentucky 40205; telephone: 502-459-9790) and request a list of certified sex therapists in your area.

**Fire When Ready:** I am a 19-year-old man who has just started having sex, and because I am so young and inexperienced I have trouble controlling my ejaculation. Sometimes I even come during foreplay. I would like to be able to satisfy a woman before I come. I'm sure that as I get older, my control will improve, but what can I do for now?

—R. L.

Waverly, Minnesota

With time and experience it's very likely that your control will improve. Meanwhile, don't worry about satisfying your partner before you come. Ejaculating once doesn't mean your sexual activity has come to a halt. Continue playing with her—use a vibrator on her, masturbate her (paying special attention to her clitoris) or get into some cunnilingus. By doing this you will probably satisfy your lady, and then be ready for some seconds yourself.



Five years ago, when I became editor of a reader-written sex tabloid (*California Sun*), I discovered that classified sex ads aren't always what they seem to be. I also discovered that a much larger range of people use them than I'd previously imagined.

In my year at the *Sun* I came to view such papers as hobby magazines for those whose chief interest is sex. I came to think of the readers, advertisers and shameless letter-writers as "sex fans"—devotees who not only like to read and write about sex, but who also are eager to trade in pictures and rare porn books. And many of them use the pages of the sex tabloids to meet each other so they can get together for plain and fancy fucking and sucking.

Two myths about classified sex ads are believed by people who have never tried them. The first is that they're only for people who are too desperate or too timid or inept to get laid any other way. The second is that they're *all* rip-offs. Neither of these beliefs is true.

By and large, the people who genuinely want to meet others for sex are just plain horny folks looking for adventure. However, lurking among the plain folks like sharks among surfers are a multitude of hookers, hawkers and rip-off artists. If you're a sex fan and a potential ad-answerer, it's imperative that you know how to distinguish the sharks from the "real people." It's also important to keep in mind that these ads generally work better for couples than they do for single men.

Let's look at some representative ads and analyze their characteristics. One of the first sex tabloids (and still the most famous) is Al Goldstein's *Screw* (P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011). Eleven full pages of a recent issue were assigned to the section that *Screw* calls "The Body Shop"—a section unabashedly devoted to ads from hookers, escort services and masseuses. *Screw* is careful to print the following warning above the first ad,

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

Latin, 38, 6'1", 120 lbs., non-smoker, seeking sincere, congenial, sense of humor woman for sharing, chris. South Bay area. L2002

Englishman 35, 6', 150 lbs., attractive, traveled and broad minded, with various interests. Wishes to meet Italian, Greek or Middle Eastern lady. Photo and phone please, if possible. L2001

Business 39 lbs, 29", brown eyes, bearded, sincere, marriage, You looks unimportant

NEEDED: woman to prefer to women and enjoys tenderness, and traditional female must be AFFECTIONATE, honest, sincere, emotionally healthy, willing to communicate and a NONSMOKER. Should be feminine and well groomed. I am 46, reasonably attractive, Caucasian, 5'7", 175 lbs, brown eyes, light brown hair, graduate engineer, well groomed, social, dancer, home life. Would meet lady 40-50, with similar L2000

Palm business, smoke, social dancing. Would meet lady 40-50, with similar L2000

BLACK MALE, 34, 145 lbs, seeks woman love to live. Orange county. Will answer all. number, picture if possible. SOL2004

Please meet me, a class gentleman. I am young 35, attractive, appearing, dress neatly, feet tall, slender like, intelligent, speak clearly, not a bar fly, no smoke. Am a handsome widower seeking to find a loving lady over 3 feet 3, not stout. Personality. I reside in a new luxury apartment alone

dependent, a non-smoker, share some of my in-Photo, then please write. Los Angeles. L2007

Woman, 5, 27 year old, well educated and weekends sufficient cash to have good time. Will be fun lips and cobbles to non-smokers. Los

Nice looking, sincere, successful Caucasian attorney desires to meet educated and attractive Oriental, preferably Japanese-American or Japanese woman 25-35 for very meaningful and lasting relationship. I enjoy togetherness in the quiet times as well as stimulating physical and intellectual activities, and want to share your interests. Give me warmth, and responsiveness in a close relationship, and I'll make your life very, very special. Prefer no children. Photo please if convenient. L2002

Caring father looking for sister or brother, ten or younger, for his son and life for himself. He is 304 lbs, Caucasian. Is ten. He is a personal person, helpful, perceptive, alive. Race, an unimportant.

LIKEABLE, BROWN HAIR, 5'8", 160 lbs, 50 years young, retired military, working man. Enjoy spectator sports, theatre, movies, dining out, etc. Neat, clean and well groomed. L2004

Retired healthy Caucasian attractive, six feet, 175 pounds, financially secure. Seeks RETIRED, attractive lady for companionship, any age. Photos exchanged. L2000

Attractive, Caucasian professional seeks attractive, educated woman to fulfill his dreams. I'm 27, tall, slender, emotionally mature, financially secure. Enjoy elegant dining, romantic evenings, music, dancing, traveling, outdoor recreation. Have much to offer understanding, appreciative woman. Photo please. Orange County L2003

## CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

by Jack Owen Jardine

and it's a warning that should be heeded: "The publisher accepts no responsibility for form or content of ads appearing in this section. Readers responding to any ad listed here do so at their own risk."

The placement of the ads in this section, the warning and the wording of most of the invitations—all are clear signs that the advertiser wants to *sell* you something. Here's a typical ad: "THE \$40 GAL SAYS... COME AS MANY TIMES AS YOU LIKE (WITHIN 3/4 OF AN HOUR). WE SPEAK ALL LANGUAGES—FRENCH, GREEK & ENGLISH!!! LADIES NEEDED." This one couldn't be any clearer: You're

given the price, the time limit and a coded listing of services (see glossary) implying oral sex, anal sex and bondage and discipline.

But some hookers attempt to camouflage their intentions. For instance, a call girl in California ran this ad recently in the *L.A. Star* (6381 Hollywood Boulevard, #207, Los Angeles, California 90028): **EXECUTIVES: ARE YOU SEXUALLY UNDERNOURISHED? LET ME BE YOUR LADY OF PLEASURE WEEKDAY AFTERNOONS. DESIRES & S.A.S.E. TO DARLENE, P.O. BOX \*\*\*, NORTH HOLLYWOOD.**

The test question to ask yourself when reading an ad like this is, "What does *she* want to get out of it?" The only reasonable answer in Darlene's case is money. She addresses her pitch to "executives," implying men who have money to burn, and she expresses no personal sexual preferences. By contrast, "real people" seeking amateur encounters are usually a lot pickier. They tend to specify age range, marital status, figure type, sexual activity desired and whether or not they'll make it with smokers, dopers, boozers or fat people. They usually *don't* print their telephone numbers (for obvious reasons) and often disguise their location further by referring answers to a box number or to the magazine itself, which (for a fee) will forward the reply.

"The Body Shop" pages of *Screw* are followed by another section called "Carnal Classifieds." At first glance this would seem to be the place to look for amateur encounters with sincere people. In the same issue that featured the ad from the "\$40 Gal," for instance, there appeared the following item: "B/M, 5'8", 160 LBS., SEEKING FEMALE, LOVE MAIN GOAL. I LIKE FR./GR. & STRAIGHT (ANY RACE). I'LL BE OUT SOON. MY INTERESTS ARE ART, BODYBUILDING, MARTIAL ARTS. PHOTO PLEASE. WRITE TO \*\*\*, RAHWAY, N.J. 07065."

It's likely that the "B/M" (black male) in question, currently incarcerated in



Rahway State Prison (note the phrase "I'll be out soon..."), meant exactly what he wrote. He's going to be looking for a loving woman when he hits the street, and I sincerely hope he finds her. But a little way down the page in the same "Carnal Classifieds" you'd have found this one: "GET A SOUVENIR FROM ME; 22-YEAR-OLD COED IN NEED OF HELP WILL ANSWER YOUR GENEROSITY WITH HER INTIMATE PHOTOS, HER PANTIES, HER LOVE. WRITE TO ..., P.O. BOX ..., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11215."

The key word here is "generosity," a surefire tip-off that the *only* interest of this advertiser is to take you for as much of your hard-earned loot as possible. It's also a reasonable bet that the person who placed the ad is: (a) *not* 22 years old; (b) *not* a coed; (c) *not* in need of help; (d) *not* female; and (e) *not* even a person, but a sleazy mail-order rip-off outfit. You may *possibly* receive the photos and soiled panties if you send enough money, but one thing you definitely won't receive is "love."

There's really no foolproof way to keep such sharks out of the classified columns, although readers who've been

burned can attempt to save other readers from the same fate by writing to the paper with their complaints. Enough of these, and most publications will refuse to run the ad anymore. However, the cunning shark at that point merely changes his/her name, rents a new P.O. box and rewrites the ad, knowing that eventually another lonely, lust-crazed loser will send in \$100 for "bus fare."

Yet despite the shark-infested waters of the sex tabloids, it is still genuinely possible for "real people" to meet each other through the classified ads and get it on together. Several of the smaller tabloids are essentially reader-written and frequently offer free ads in exchange for readers' letters and photos. The *L.A. Star* is one of these, as are *Love* (166 West 21st Street, New York, New York 10011), *California Sun* and *His & Hers* (both at 806 East Fourth Place, Los Angeles, California 90013). One dollar to any of the above will get you a sample copy.

Shirley Eberle, co-founder of the *L.A. Star*, likes to tell the story of "Ducky Dave," a born loser whose letters and ads in the *Star* drew several answers from middle-aged ladies. (Ads from

men, Shirley maintains, draw answers predominantly from middle-aged women and gay men.) But Dave eventually began corresponding with a young woman from the Philippines who had been raped and consequently disowned by her family. She answered his ad in the *Star* because she needed a husband, and Dave sent for her. When last heard from, they were happily married and presumably living hornily ever after.

Not all tabloids print hot readers' letters that solicit connections from other readers. *Screw* doesn't, nor does its sister publication *Screw West* (1655 North Cherokee, Suite 410, Hollywood, California 90028). They print paid advertisements only, as do *San Francisco Ball* (17620 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, California 91406), *Gold Coast Free Press* (formerly *L.A. Touch*—1626 North Cherokee, Hollywood, California 90028) and *Impulse* (806 East Fourth Place, Los Angeles, California 90013). If your tickle is kinkier than most, there's *Fetish Times* (sample copy \$2 from B & D Publishing Company, P.O. Box 7109, Van Nuys, California 91409), which prides itself on its gross-out letters and weirdo-pervo classifieds.

Following a more conventional magazine format, a basically honest national classified/correspondence service is run by Club Adam (8060 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046). For \$3.50 you can obtain a sample copy of *Club Adam Spotlight* (formerly *Swingers World*), containing some 2,000 ads from all over the country. "But you've got to read between the lines," cautions Editor Sean Martin. "Some of these people are hookers; some will rip you off; some just want to add you to a mailing list. But there are a lot of real people in there too. We get letters all the time from people who tell us Club Adam saved their marriage." The organization charges \$1 to forward each reply to the advertiser.

No survey of magazines devoted to helping sex fans meet each other would be complete without mention of the two leading classified-ad journals: *Seekers* and *Select Seekers* (P.O. Box 5100, Cherry Hill, New Jersey 08034) has been in business for ten years; \$5 will get you a sample copy. It comes out every 90 days and contains 128 pages of photos and ads from all over the world.

Individual copies of *Seekers* can be purchased at adult-book stores, or you can subscribe for 18 months for \$20. The cost of advertising can be as low as 50¢ per ad for subscribers, or as high as \$2 for nonsubscribers. Be aware that because of the time necessary for collating and printing new ads it might take

(continued on page 129)

## SEX-AD DICTIONARY

Classified ads are charged for by the word or by the line. To keep costs down, the following abbreviations are commonly used:

**AC/DC or Bi:** Bisexual; enjoys sex with people of either gender.

**B&D:** Bondage and discipline, or interested in tying up, being tied up, and active or passive flagellation (whipping).

**B/M, B/W:** Black male, woman.

**English Culture:** Active or passive flagellation.

**F/F:** Fist-fucking; penetration of the anus by clenched fist.

**French Culture:** Oral-genital sex.

**G/E:** Golden enema; giving or receiving urine enemas.

**Generous:** Willing to spend money.

**Greek Culture:** Anal sex, with penetration by penis.

**G/S:** Golden showers; pissing on your partner or being pissed on.

**G/T:** Genital torture.

**J/O:** Jacking-off (masturbating) with partner.

**'m':** masochist.

**P&P:** Photograph and telephone number required as a condition

of continued correspondence.

**Rimming:** Oral-anal sex.

**Roman Games:** Orgies, or group sex with five or more people.

**'S':** Sadist.

**Safe:** Vasectomized male (no other birth control needed).

**S&M:** Sadism and masochism, or interested in inflicting or receiving pain (usually flagellation). Adjectives *light*, *mild*, *heavy* or *severe* narrow it down further.

**SASE:** Send a self-addressed stamped envelope as a condition of continued correspondence.

**Scat:** Scatology; playing with shit—yours or your partner's (also called "Brown Showers").

**Toilet Slave:** Someone who craves being pissed or shitted on.

**TS:** Transsexual—a person who has been surgically altered into a member of the opposite sex.

**TV:** Transvestite—a man (generally) who dresses as a woman.

**Tubing:** Getting or giving enemas.

**W/E:** Well-endowed or well-hung.

**W/M, W/F:** White male, female.

**W/S:** Watersports; sexual interest in pissing and/or enemas.



# Gifts of Love...

LEASURE TIME presents the newest repertoire in erotic adventure, introducing the fantastic **ORGASMO** collection, the latest and most technically advanced ideas in sensual pleasure, combined with our outstanding family of quality-crafted therapeutic aids. The **ORGASMO** vibrating dildoes are beautifully molded of extra soft, skin-like clinical latex in unbelievable life-like detail to look and feel real. Your satisfaction guaranteed.



Free with any \$25 order

#0520



Double Dong  
2 sizes (18" & 12")

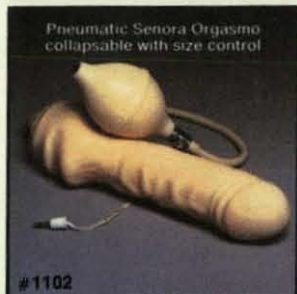
#1759



Senora Orgasmo  
foam filled,  
heat sensitized

#1101

#1100



Pneumatic Senora Orgasmo  
collapsible with size control

#1102



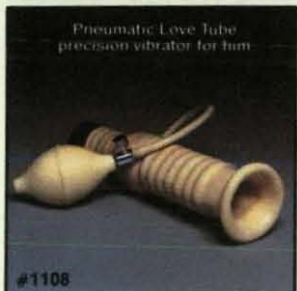
Foreskinned Senora Orgasmo  
silky smooth, moveable foreskin

#1104



Magic Massager  
6,000 vibrations per minute

#1106



Pneumatic Love Tube  
precision vibrator for him

#1108

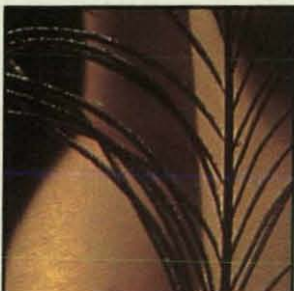


Deluxe Vibrators  
7" 10" 4"

#0242

#0232

#0250



Chrome Supreme  
7 1/2" of class

#0244

#0520 **Jungle Love**. This one's on us, free of charge, with any order of \$25 or more that you send in, or you can purchase Jungle Love at the regular price. We suggest you begin an evening with 2 or 3 capsules and you probably won't need to light a fire to keep warm on any winter night. You might even want to try some to warm up a frigid friend. #1759 **Latex Double Dong 12"** & #0030 **18"**. 12" of incredibly life-like flexible but solid rubber latex to share with a friend. The double dong has a shaping rod embedded to reach that exact bend or curve you need, and it's beautifully detailed to look and feel like the real thing. Also available in 18" without the shaping rod. #1101 **Plain** & #1100 **Electro Senora Orgasmo**. Sensual pleasure and adventure personified molded over 8 1/2" of foam-filled, heat sensitized and the most technically advanced extra soft, skin-like latex. The detail is life like right down to tight-rounded balls at the base with stimulating clitoral studs and grooves for extra excitement. The **Electro** is also a vibrator, complete with variable speed controls. #1102 **Pneumatic Senora Orgasmo Deluxe** and #1103 **Regular**. Finally, a dildo that fits perfectly because you're in complete control of the size and stiffness you want and need. It's fully pneumatic to fill with air to the "right" size, or you can deflate it, roll it up and carry it in your pocket. The detail is supreme over extra soft, skin-like clinical latex with clitoral stimuli at the base for added pleasure. The **Deluxe** model is a vibrator too, complete with remote power pack and variable speed controls. #1104 **Foreskinned Senora Orgasmo**. An amazing pleasure breakthrough with the most life-like, silky smooth moveable foreskin. This one and only uncircumcised dildo provides the same "gasp" sensation as the real thing and comes complete with variable speed controls on a remote power pack for fast and slow vibrations over its entire 8 1/2" length. #1106 **Magic Massager**. The ultimate stimulator unlike anything on today's market. Fully electric to plug into any outlet, this therapeutically designed vibrator has a 2-speed control to give you up to 5,000 to 6,000 penetrating vibrations per minute. It's a sleek 12" long with a flexible vibrating head fully protected by washable sponge and vinyl that will give the deepest possible relaxing penetration. #1108 **Pneumatic Love Tube**. A precision vibrator for him made of the very softest clinical rubber that clings on the inside and fits around the penis. It's complete with variable speed controls and a hand pump that gets you up, keeps you hard and allows your love tube to expand or become tight as you like it.

The battery-powered vibrator is the most popular therapeutic aid ever, and for many good reasons. Its vibrations are gentle, yet sensually penetrating. And it has stimulated millions to cultivate their orgasmic potential by awakening the many sexual erogenous zones which have been either ignored or left sleeping. Whatever your pleasure size, we have it with varying pulsations encased in clinically-tested plastic that's washable and easy to clean. Batteries included. #0242 **Deluxe 7" Vibrator**. Man-sized, yet personal. It features a sleek tapered design for the quietest, deepest penetration possible. #0232 **Elite 10" Vibrator**. The "Rolls Royce of vibrators," which produces the most incredibly powerful vibrations possible for effective, unbelievable sensations to every inch of your body. #0250 **Mini Vibrator**. Four marvelous inches to vibrate, penetrate and caress every single orifice and the perfect companion to complete your vibrator collection. #0244 **Chrome Supreme Vibrator**. 7 1/2" of vibrating class with a special chrome-plated tip that slides over wetness to bring you uncontrollable ecstasy and excitement. Complete with variable speeds, this one is distinctive looking and feels even better.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING (VISA or MC ONLY: \$15.00 minimum, please).  
24 hour toll free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9187. (In Ohio, 1-800-282-9216).

Leasure Time Products  
P.O. Box 16508 Columbus, Ohio 43212

Please send the following product(s) HU180

- ☐ #0520 Jungle Love(s) @ \$10.50
- ☐ #1759 Double Dong(s) 12" @ \$10.95
- ☐ #0030 Double Dong(s) 18" @ \$12.95
- ☐ #1101 Senora Orgasmo (plain) @ \$9.95
- ☐ #1100 Electro Senora(s) @ \$14.95
- ☐ #1102 Pneumatic Senora(s) @ \$19.95
- ☐ #1103 Pneumatic Senora(s) Plain @ \$14.95
- ☐ #1104 Foreskinned Senora(s) @ \$24.95
- ☐ #1106 Magic Massager(s) @ \$29.95
- ☐ #1108 Pneumatic Tube(s) @ \$29.95
- ☐ #0242 Deluxe 7" (s) @ \$7.99
- ☐ #0232 Elite 10" (s) @ \$9.99
- ☐ #0250 Mini 4" (s) @ \$3.99
- ☐ #0244 Chrome 7 1/2" (s) @ \$9.99
- ☐ #0521 FREE with \$25 or more order, Jungle Love

Please enclose a Leasure Time Catalog @ \$2.50 each

Please Print

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Interbank No. Exp. Date mo. year

Phone number (include area code). Subtotal

Ohio residents add 4% sales tax

Insurance, postage and handling 2.00

TOTAL

Signature, Date

I am of legal age and I understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days, it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final. Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Foreign orders: Use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. Dollars; add \$5.00. Dealer inquiries invited.







# HAKEEM ABDUL RASHEED

## \$OUL-\$AVING \$OUL BROTHER

For two years an astonishingly cocksure young black preacher in Oakland, California, has been making more money and more women than an ordinary man could put away in a hundred lifetimes. He calls himself the Reverend Doctor Hakeem Abdul Rasheed, and law-enforcement authorities in the San Francisco Bay Area say the church he founded in 1977 may be responsible for one of the biggest swindles in history—a multimillion-dollar scam with thousands of victims stretched halfway around the world, from the Philippines across the United States to Europe.

"Dare to be rich!" Hakeem shouted at the reporters who dogged his steps in courthouse corridors he'd walked countless times since prosecutors decided to mount an all-out attack on his allegedly fraudulent, felonious scheme.

Television cameras whirled and lights blazed as the black clergyman beamed, shucked, jived and strutted like a peacock. "The Church of Hakeem is here *today* and here *to stay!*" he boasted, flashing the victory sign and darting into his silver Cadillac limousine. Athletic, handsome as a movie star, dazzling in diamonds and gold, Hakeem sped away to a posh sanctuary—his 102-foot yacht (soon to be seized by the IRS), berthed at Fisherman's Wharf. There he counted his money.

In 1978 alone, investigators allege, he ripped off \$22 million from some 6,000 members of the Oakland-based Church of Hakeem, with the assistance of his frequent companion, voluptuous, coffee-

skinned Janice Phillips, the statuesque daughter of Dutch and Zulu parents. Hakeem and Phillips are accused of operating a spectacular borrow-from-Peter-to-pay-Paul scam commonly known as the Ponzi scheme, named after the granddaddy of 20th-century con men, Charles Ponzi. Around the time of President Wilson, Ponzi took an estimated 20,000 people in the Boston area for \$10 million.

But official estimates of the Church of Hakeem's purported theft may be too conservative. According to Hakeem's jilted lovers, \$80 million is actually missing. "He's stashing money away," the preacher's onetime personal secretary, Olga Saladores, said. "He's already made two or three trips to the Bahamas, and I truly believe he has millions stashed there—or elsewhere." Added former church security chief Paige Sargent: "Hakeem and Janice are wearing Fort Knox on their fingers and necks, and I've heard him say he wants to purchase an island."

Early in 1979, said Saladores, Hakeem asked her to prepare a list of his acquisitions since late 1978, in response to a federal grand jury's demand for an inventory of church property. "There was a \$1.7-million yacht," she recalled, "a \$125,000 Rolls-Royce, a \$10,000 mink coat for his mother, two \$10,000 mink coats for himself, a \$4,000 mink coat for Janice and an \$8,000 five-carat marquise diamond ring for himself."

He's also said to have acquired a sizable harem. "I lived with him at the very

beginning," remembered Saladores. "One time I came home and got in bed and there was another woman in bed with him. But I didn't know, because the lights were out. He goes from one to another. Most women put on their best and sit in the front row at church meetings. He picks one out and spends the night with her.

"He's a *delightful* lover," she added wistfully.

"He's kinky," said another woman spitefully.

"I see lots of women strolling on and off his yacht. I want to go on too," said another hopefully.

"I deserve the best the universe has to offer—it's mine!" Hakeem told a feverish gathering of the faithful at one of the church's weekly "celebrations"—religious services mixing lightweight Christian revivalism with some power of positive thinking. "My personal goal is to be the youngest billionaire in the world. Another goal of mine is to make 10,000 millionaires." One thousand people cheered and stamped their feet. On command they shouted: "I love you, Hakeem!" ... "My cup runneth over!" ... "Crisp, green and clean!" ... "I got it!"

That same night an observer counted \$27,000 in pledges to the church in one five-minute stretch. But if it had been a typical celebration, about *ten times* that amount would have been pledged before the evening was over, according to investigators. A week later the church's 31-year-old spiritual leader, wearing a

**Profile by Scott Winokur**

Illustration by Ron Kriss



full-length mink coat and looking like the cat that ate the canary, drove through Oakland in a new Rolls-Royce Corniche.

Until federal investigators began meddling in his church's affairs, Hakeem was able to operate with daring simplicity. Anyone who paid an enrollment fee—which had grown from \$25 to \$500 by December 1978, when Hakeem was at the height of his popularity—was permitted to call himself or herself a “minister” and make unlimited “donations” to the church, a bona fide ecclesiastic organization registered with the State of California.

In 70 days to nine months—depending on the size of subsequent donations—400% “increases of God” were returned to donating ministers. “Letters of increase” were mailed to ministers whose time had come, informing them that a bundle of green joy with their name on it was waiting for them at Hakeem's office.

Throughout 1978 there were dozens of stories about \$25,000 windfalls and early retirements. Elderly people mortgaged their homes to get in on the action. An elite group of high-rolling “ministers” plunked down \$56,000 apiece to join Hakeem's “Rich Living Foundation,” a kind of gilt-edged consumers' co-op that purportedly gave its

members “buying power” of more than \$1 million.

Word that the church was a sure route to sudden wealth spread through the Bay Area; by early winter it had reached Los Angeles, San Diego and other California cities, which sprouted Church of Hakeem “parishes” of their own, led by other ambitious young men with the gift of gab. But Hakeem remained the Pope, and his \$7,500-a-month office in Oakland was his Vatican.

In the beginning local law-enforcement officials just sat back and watched it all, waiting for the bubble to burst. Their hands were tied because no one had gotten burned and, consequently, no one had gone crying to a district attorney. Nor did ministers question the true source of their increases. Asked where the money came from—Hakeem doesn't have a license to sell securities or make investments on behalf of others—the artful clergymen pointed toward heaven. Some ministers were informed that Hakeem was quietly making shrewd investments abroad, but, investigators claimed, that explanation didn't hold water either.

It had to be a Ponzi scheme, the authorities insisted. And it had to collapse, because Ponzis are mathematical nonsense. Hakeem would have to suck

in every person in the world again and again and again, ad infinitum, to stay ahead of the game. When he ran out of new ministers—whose donations, officials theorized, were used to pay fourfold returns to earlier members while keeping himself living high on the hog—he'd split the country, leaving behind thousands of empty-handed people, many of them too old or too poor or too dumb to ever recover.

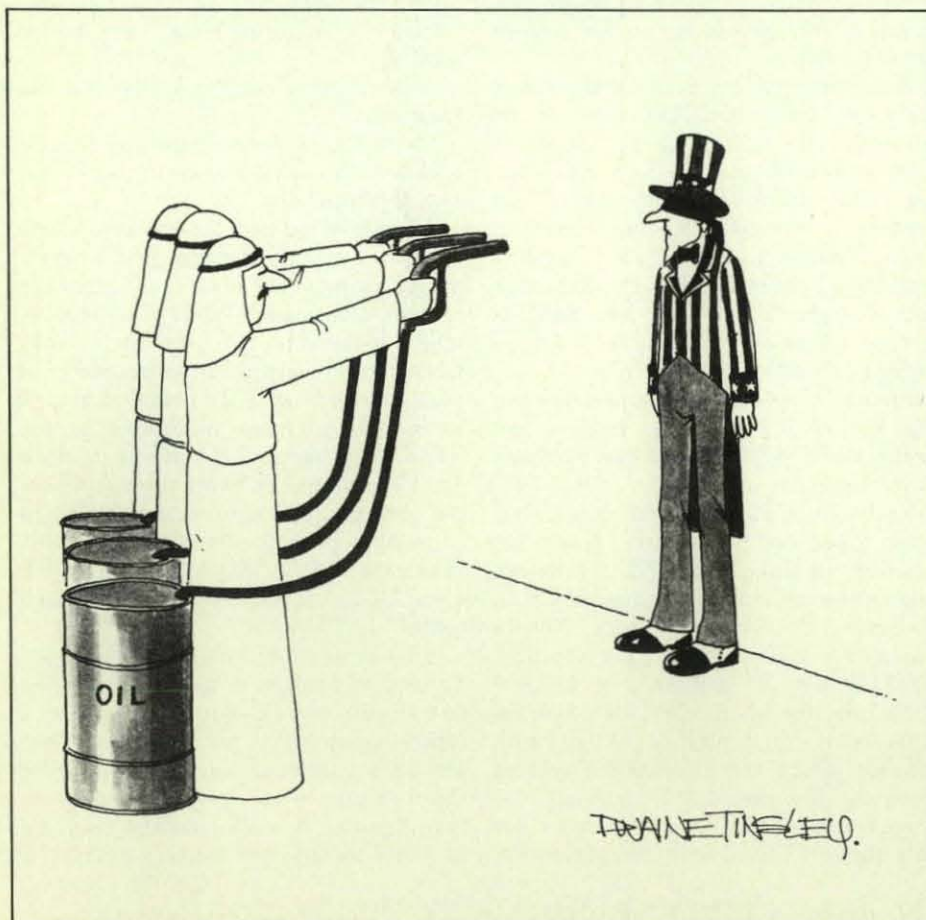
Typically, the Ponzi scheme is much like a chain letter. Early investors are paid off with donations from ones who are in turn paid off with donations from still later investors—and so on and so on, into the realm of mathematical impossibility and inevitable failure. But for the operator who plans his scheme well, there is success. He has only to opt out with a suitcasesful of money before the ruse reaches its breaking point.

The “interest” Hakeem returned to early investors was indeed greater than their original “donations” had been, but authorities said this was easy to explain. If Hakeem had, say, five people to pay off, they suggested, he would have to find six new suckers... then seven... then eight... No wonder he was reaching halfway around the world!

In January 1979, however, the Internal Revenue Service seized Hakeem's yacht, in addition to \$921,000 deposited under his name in 11 Bay Area bank accounts. The IRS said the liens were for Hakeem's anticipated 1978 taxes. While protesting loudly that he was the victim of a law-enforcement conspiracy, the preacher reluctantly informed his ministers that the IRS action had interrupted the flow of manna from heaven. He asked them to “recycle” their donations, calling it a “pause for the cause.” But some ministers called it a rip-off and went to the police.

“I had one person who said he had \$43,000 due,” an Oakland investigator reported. “That money has been re-donated three times, and now this man wants to get it out.” By April the same investigator could say, “I have a folderful of complaints.” By late May indictments had been handed down by a federal grand jury. Hakeem Abdul Rasheed (born Clifford Jones) faced a possible 50 years in prison and a \$26,000 fine for alleged mail fraud, obstruction of justice, perjury and interstate transportation of goods taken by fraud. Janice Phillips, the church's vice-president and “enlightenment coordinator,” faced up to 40 years and a \$20,000 fine.

Clifford Jones (a/k/a Hakeem Abdul Rasheed) was born October 20, 1948, in  
(continued on page 48)







"Are you ready for Mass yet, Father?"





**KEEP ON  
TRUCKIN'**

Breaker, breaker, one-nine, good buddy, do you copy? I got me a pair of beavers here on their rig. Things are smokin'—and that's a big 10-4.





Photography by James Baes













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*Roger Dean*  
WEST PALM BEACH







## PROFILE: RASHEED

(continued from page 38)

Detroit—the son of a railroad worker. Hakeem claims he quickly demonstrated a remarkable mental ability that remained unharnessed to a worthy object until, at the age of 11, he discovered an inner calling to teach others about the spiritual life. That didn't stop him from getting intensely involved on the physical plane though. By his final year of high school Hakeem was playing football well enough to be offered a scholarship to Purdue University.

He had a fine time at Purdue. Countless women learned, firsthand, just how persuasive he could be. And he was the center of attention among the campus's small group of black jocks. "He had the kind of personality that seemed to magnetize people," said a onetime member of Hakeem's circle at the university.

But he didn't fare as well on the gridiron. Small for the game, Hakeem never could break into the Boilermakers' starting backfield. When he tried for a letter in track, it was denied. He made a stink over the rebuff, but the university's athletic board upheld the physical-education department's decision. "He was trying to get something he didn't deserve. I didn't particularly like him," said his former college track coach.

He left Purdue in 1970 with a psychology degree. Some classmates went on to pro-sports careers, and Hakeem is said to have wanted that for himself as well. But he wasn't good enough—and although a few acquaintances thought he had a talent for show business, he never took a stab at that either. All he had was brains, good looks, a golden tongue and an exceptional talent for making people pay attention to him.

Hakeem's life between 1970 and 1976 is something of a mystery, even to his closest associates. It was around this time, however, that he became involved with the Black Muslims and assumed the name Hakeem Abdul Rasheed. He once told a gathering of ministers that there had been a time when money "whispered" to him, when he owned a car so old "they gave me Roman numerals for license plates."

But it was only an exercise in self-glorification—the kind of psychological manipulation the late Peoples Temple leader Jim Jones practiced so well. Hakeem wanted people to believe he had the world by the balls. What would his followers think if they found out that he'd actually hustled for years, going from door to door in California with a pink suitcase in his hand, trying to talk fat women into purchasing oversized brassieres?

Hakeem came to the attention of Bay Area law-enforcement officials for the first time in 1976, as the operator of a psychologically oriented weight-reduction clinic called Fat Clearing. A woman who couldn't shed pounds under Hakeem's guidance went to the local DA's fraud investigators; a check with the California Board of Medical Quality Assurance showed that he was practicing psychology without a license. After less than a year in business Fat Clearing shut down.

Hakeem was back on his feet in a matter of months. In March 1977 he filed incorporation papers for the Church of Hakeem. All it cost was the \$20 it takes to obtain a mail-order Doctor of Divinity degree from the Universal Life Church, and the rent for San Francisco Bay Area meeting halls large enough to accommodate the souls he planned to save—and the pockets he planned to line, in addition to his own. By early 1978 the money was rolling in.

"I heard about it through a friend," recalled an employee of the San Francisco Bay Area Urban League, a civic group promoting the interests of blacks. "I was curious. Hakeem talks about money, and everybody needs money. Where does it come from? I have no idea. But I distrust the government and newspapers more than I do the Church of Hakeem."

That was a typical reaction. But some went further. Thirty-two-year-old minister Russell Grisham, for example: "The money comes from God," he remarked in complete seriousness. Grisham claimed he has made \$10,000 already and expects \$50,000 more.

And so it went. Word of mouth. Big bucks. Blind faith. No one ever stopped to say, "Hey, wait a minute. *This doesn't make sense.*"

What was Hakeem Abdul Rasheed telling his followers?

To find out, reporters began sneaking into celebrations. Powerful-looking six-foot ushers checked everyone at the door, and when they said, "No big bags, backpacks, cameras or tape recorders," arguing seemed unwise.

In Oakland one night, two speakers preceded Hakeem. First came "Bishop" Leroy Carlton Bryant, a wiry, energetic man who established a Church of Hakeem parish in Los Angeles. Bryant burst onto the stage as if shot from a cannon, a long red-satin scarf trailing from his neck. "Wow! Just look around you! Yeah!" he shouted at the usual racially mixed, middle-class crowd of young and old, men and women. There

(continued on page 54)







"I said I was hoping for a white Christmas—I didn't say I was a fanatic about it!"







# FIFTH ANNUAL

## UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

**A**l Goldstein is publisher of *Screw*, the pioneering porn tabloid headquartered in New York City. Like HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt, Goldstein has put his ass on the line many times to protect your First Amendment rights to read what you want without interference from bureaucrats or bluenoses.

Al is the perfect person to write our annual review of men's magazines. As publisher of *Screw* for 11 years he has kept up-to-date on all aspects of the sex-publishing business—from the erotic value of photography to the subtleties of editorial content to the intricacies of producing and publishing such periodicals. He is not only an expert in the field on a professional basis but also a true connoisseur of sex publications.

When we choose Goldstein or anyone else to write our annual review, we expect to get some opinions with which we disagree. Goldstein's review is no exception. But this is, in fact, an *unbiased* review—meaning that Goldstein has written his opinions without editorial interference or censorship from HUSTLER. These are his opinions, not ours. Our annual review of men's magazines is presented as a service to our readers. Here is what Al Goldstein has to say:

---

For a lot of people the following survey of the various men's magazines will be about as useless and ridiculous as a survey gauging the quality of the toilet paper one wipes across one's ass. To these nonconnoisseurs a clean asshole is a clean asshole, toilet paper is toilet paper, and a masturbatory mag is a masturbatory mag. But as all you readers in HUSTLERland know, this publication—which Larry Flynt claims was born out of his own mind, but which

his fans realize came out of his asshole—has proven that the American public will support even the grossest and most diverse facets of a publisher's ego.

The men's-magazine field is the single most remarkable phenomenon of post-war publishing; consider the monstrous success of Hugh Hefner's *Playboy* empire, or the even more economically successful enterprises of *Penthouse*'s Bob Guccione, or the outlawish appeal of HUSTLER. This is a field in which ap-

proximately 20 million magazines are sold each month, with a readership of about 45 million.

Even the shoddiest and most disreputable of men's titles make money. A prime example is *Screw*, my own illegitimate and deformed child. Started 11 years ago on a cash investment of \$150, it is now a burgeoning business that annually grosses more than \$5 million. My own success, however, has been tempered by the variables and realities of



the men's-magazine marketplace. Even though *Screw* is the most successful and most imitated men's title since Hefner's *Playboy*, it is probably the least available because it is too hot and too raunchy for widespread distribution. In essence, *Screw* is like the old French erotic postcards that were available only from shady street-corner vendors who'd attract attention with a "Pssst—hey, buddy!" All of the magazines reviewed here fall victim to this injustice to one degree or another.

What are the objectives of this field of publishing? If one is to believe the self-deception of the major-magazine publishers and their public-relations departments, these publications are simply and totally for entertainment. In several cases that may be true, but it nonetheless seems clear that the omission of nude women from the major men's titles would result in an immediate drop in circulation of between 70% and 80%. With respect to many of these magazines, if the undraped female form were dropped, there would be nothing left to publish.

Accepting the premise, then, that a significant part of the mission of men's magazines is to provide fodder for our masturbatory fantasies, jerk-off potential will be my primary criterion for evaluating each magazine. However, other factors will also be considered, such as the quality of the paper stock on which the magazine is printed, the quality of reproduction, the honesty of the magazine, its diversity and literary depth, and its journalistic success.

In other words, men's magazines are, for the most part, like high-priced call girls! Their job is to get us off, but the complexity of the packaging and the overall sexual sophistication are all part of the sales process. For many of us, however, the packaging is simply the sizzle and not the steak.

Some readers, moreover, need a lot of camouflage in their jerk-off material. For these people there are magazines that are sufficiently euphemistic and fashionably packaged for the reader to disguise his real intentions.

As for me, I will be judging the men's magazines on the basis of the total package. This means that jerking-off is of primary importance, but the avoidance of routine will also reflect how a given magazine rates.

**PENTHOUSE** (\$2.50 from Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022) For me Penthouse is the hottest, horniest and most exciting men's magazine on the market—the

(continued on page 116)







"Dripping-wet, gaping cunt lips on virtually every page."



"Editorially, this magazine is a near-total washout."



"Club International's nudes have a slightly sleazy veneer—they almost look like former debutantes who now give blowjobs in dime-house massage parlors."



"The main thrust of Club's prose seems to be humor and off-the-wall fantasy."



"A dry hump in the backseat of a Volkswagen—not bad, but there are better alternatives."

"The soft-core hetero and lesbo couple spreads are horny enough to overcome their inherently faked quality."



"Flash, flash and more flash—a package with even more hype than its pipe-smoking father, Playboy."



"Many of the women have fat, blobby thighs—my number-one turn-off."



## PROFILE: RASHEED

(continued from page 48)

was a buzz of excitement.

"Through your friends, loved ones and associates a universal vibratory correlation got your cheeks in the seats that you oc-cu-py!" shouted Bishop Leroy. It was thrilling, in an idiotic way. "I think from God. I and my Father are ONE! Whew!"

Still a little stunned, the audience waited a second or two. Then 1,000 voices repeated, "Whew!"

Next he had them saying: "I manifest only what I think, and I think of a rich life. *I let go of all bullshit.*" One thousand people tried to let go of all bullshit.

Janice Phillips sashayed onto the stage. Kittenlike, she purred out a charming tale about her timid past, when she was afraid to speak before crowds as small as 300. But that was all behind her now, she said. Phillips thrust her chest toward the audience and put her lips close to the microphone. "I am God!" she cried. "I am God! I am God!"

Indeed. A black Adonis regally crossed the stage as she spoke. It was the man of God, in a white suit with a red carnation. The audience stood. "I love you, Hakeem!" 1,000 adult men and women bellowed.

"How sweet it is! How sweet it is!" he

responded. "I feel good! I feel great! I feel terrific!" The audience repeated his chant.

"When you're full of the money feeling," he continued, "you possess wealth in such a way that if you take it out of *this pocket*"—Hakeem slapped the right side of his expensive suit, and the spotlights caught a large diamond ring on his finger—"it appears in *this pocket*." He slapped his left side.

"But," he warned the crowd, his buttery voice thickening with solemnity, "you can't exercise that kind of thinking if you hold on to past disappointments—what I call *stinkin' thinkin'.*" Hakeem then rattled off a list of afflictions he attributes to "stinkin' thinkin'," including tuberculosis, diabetes, cancer, hemorrhoids, constipation and asthma.

It was an amazing performance. He was talking patent nonsense, but no one cared. They knew about the pot of gold at the end of Hakeem's rainbow of rhetoric.

"Money-praising tends to free and cleanse the mind," he said. Three choruses of "Money loves to fill my bank accounts" ensued, followed by three choruses of "Crisp, green and clean!" And finally two choruses of "I got it!"

He paced the stage for more than an

hour, slashing the air with his hands, strutting and boasting his own "enlightenment." Then the high point of the evening arrived. Hakeem asked for donations, promising an increase of God to those who believed. Twenty-four people pledged \$1,000 apiece. Two pledged \$500. Two pledged \$200. Ten, \$100. Five, \$50. Four, \$25. And one shame-faced man pledged ten bucks.

"At the end of the celebration," instructed Hakeem, "place your check or cash in the basket in the money room." He pointed toward a small door leading out of the auditorium and waved goodbye. A minister dressed as Santa Claus took Hakeem's place onstage. Nine names were read off and nine people in the audience squealed in delight, knowing they were to receive letters of increase. Meanwhile, 48 people rushed toward the money room, eager to throw a few more logs onto the fire.

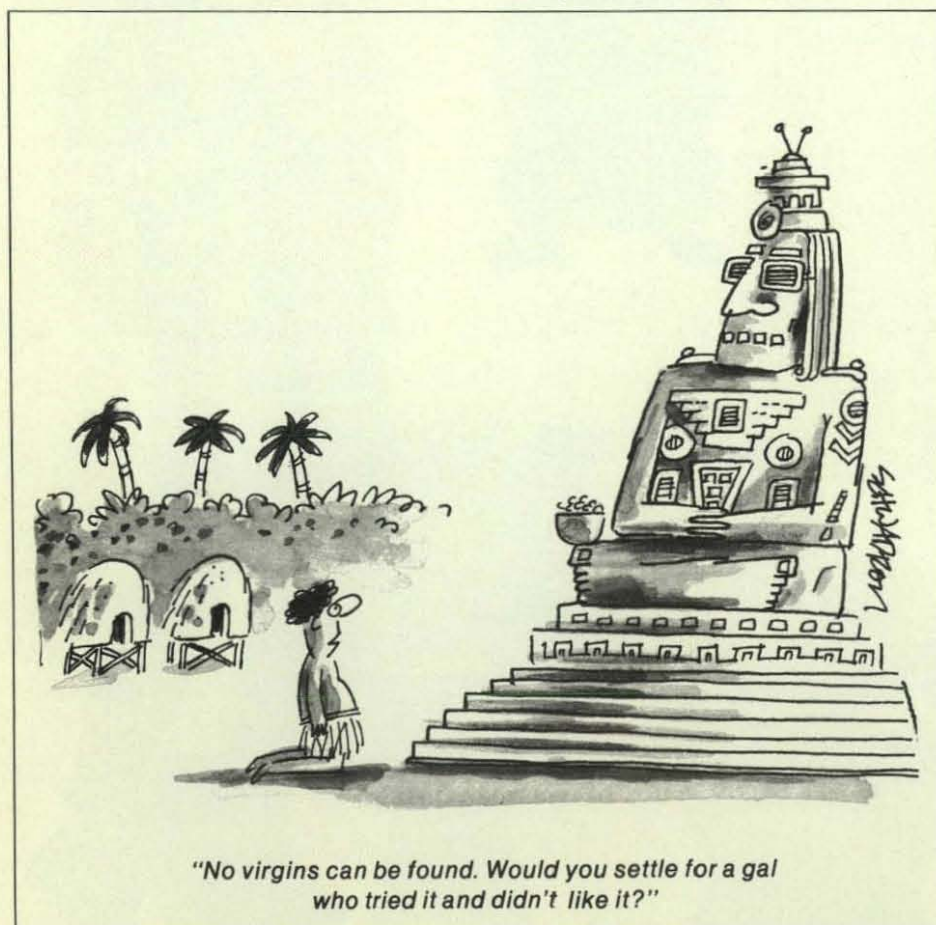
Hakeem stoutly defends himself against the attacks of skeptics outside his church by referring them to a little green book entitled *Seed Money in Action*, by one Jon P. Speller, D.D. *Seed Money* makes essentially one point: If you want to *get* bucks, you've got to *give* them first. "In . . . using money to bless, help or aid your fellow beings," it says, "you have not only the right and the privilege, but you have also the duty of claiming from the Infinite a . . . money return." The 86-page tract is sold at the church office, in addition to color photos of Hakeem and taped sermons with titles such as "Richer Faster" and "Expect the Best."

For a surprisingly long time things went smoothly and the church's fame spread. A San Francisco Police Department fraud investigator who worked on the case for months finally threw his hands up in despair. "I did everything I could to get a prosecution going," he complained, "but the DA said I didn't have enough evidence." The problem was, there weren't any victims.

What few knew at the time (October 1978) was that a federal grand jury in San Francisco had secretly begun an investigation.

On the night of November 29, 1978, the church was rocked by the first in a series of events that would bring it to a near-standstill. That night Hakeem and Phillips returned to the preacher's yacht carrying two ziplocked canvas bags filled with donations. Four men in ski masks and jogging suits burst into his stateroom. A shot was fired and the bags were taken, along with \$15,000 in jewelry. Two hours later Hakeem called the police, claiming he didn't know how

(continued on page 78)



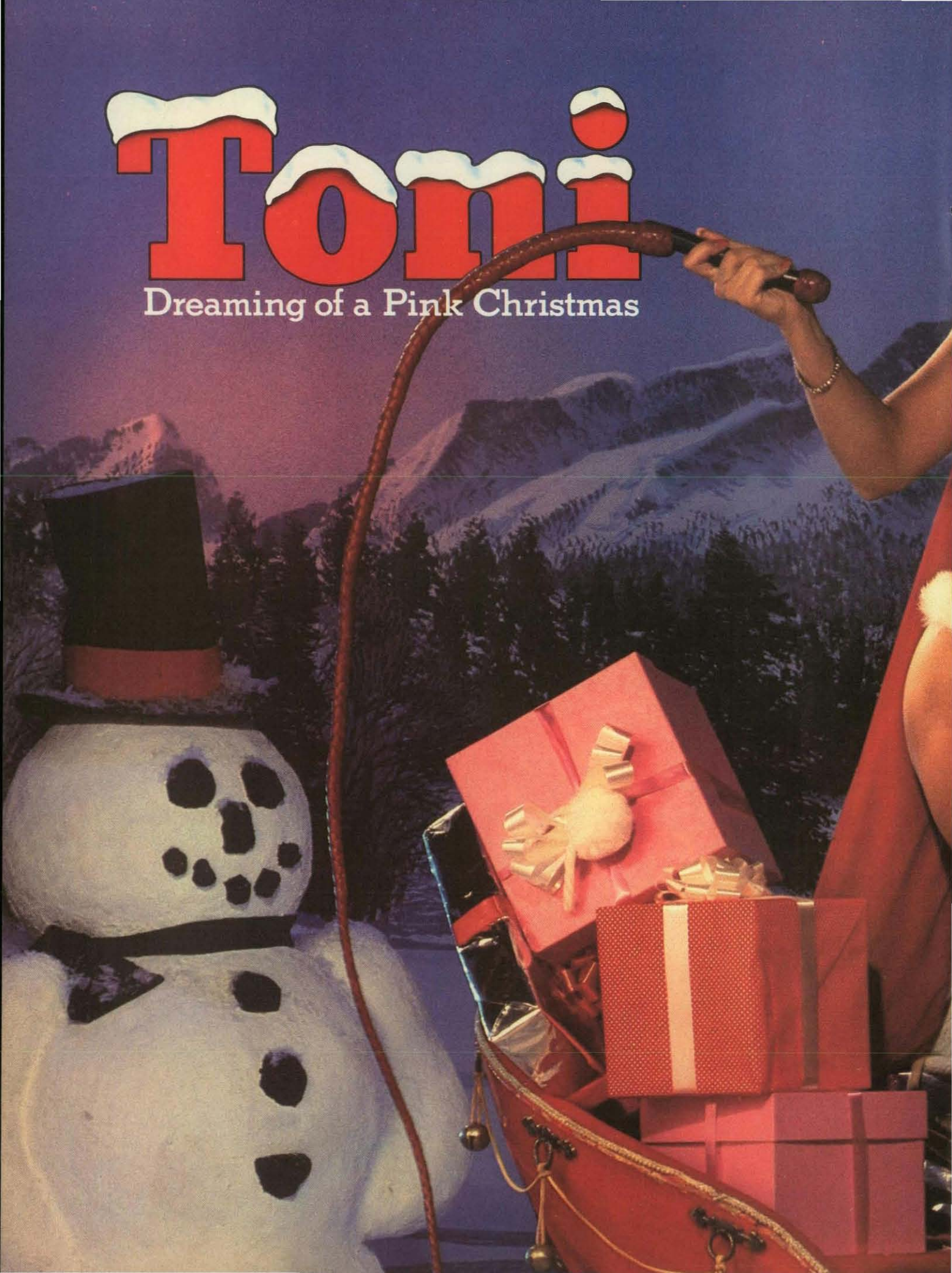






# Toni

Dreaming of a Pink Christmas








Photography by Suze Randall



A full-page photograph of a woman, Toni, posing in a snowy, mountainous landscape. She is wearing a white Santa hat with a fur trim and red high-heeled shoes with red laces. She is holding her legs up high, with her hands resting on her thighs. She has dark hair and is looking directly at the camera. The background shows snow-covered trees and mountains under a clear sky.

"I love Christmas," says 21-year-old Toni, a native of Southern California who loves to spend the winter months in the snow of the High Sierra. "The wild sensation of the wind and snow whipping my face makes me feel free and alive," she adds. "And I'm so exhilarated after a day on the slopes that I have to go down to the lodge and get loose." Frequently that means a warm drink by a roaring fire and an even hotter time in her room with the man of the moment.

"The thing I like most about Christmas is giving," Toni gushes. And here's Toni's gift to you!



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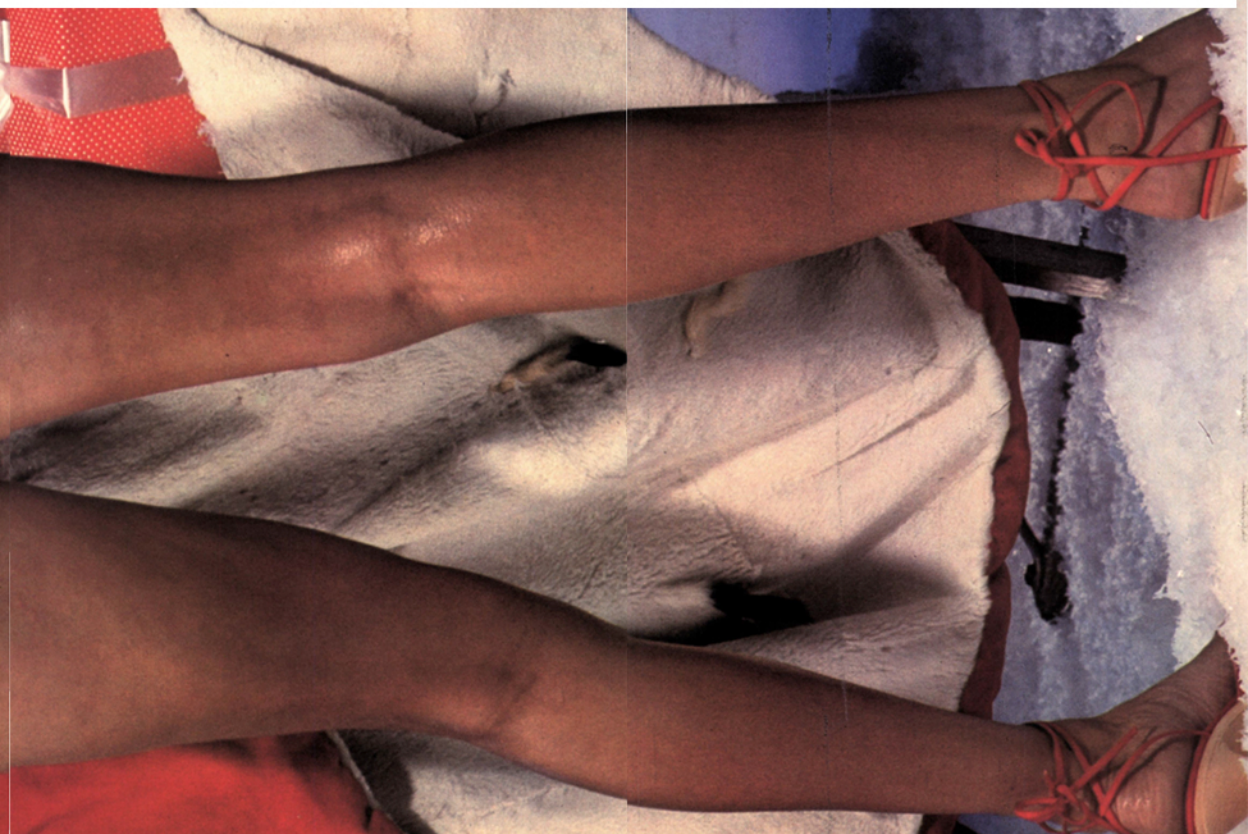


















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**A** man having trouble with premature ejaculation consulted a sex therapist, who listened attentively to the man's tale of woe and then made a suggestion. To keep from thinking about his problem, the man should imagine himself as a star halfback running for a game-winning touchdown. The therapist asked him to try this technique and return in a week for further consultation.

At the next session the therapist inquired how the football fantasy had worked.

"Not very well," the man responded unhappily.

"Why?" the therapist asked.

"I fumbled."

An old lady sitting in a rocking chair was suddenly confronted by a Fairy Godmother who offered her three wishes. The old woman thought for a moment and said, "I'd like my rocking chair to be made of gold." The Fairy Godmother waved her magic wand, and the chair became solid gold.

"I also want to be a beautiful woman of 21." With a wave of the wand the old woman was transformed into a ravishing beauty of 21.

"My third and final wish," said the now-beautiful young woman, "is that the old cat in the corner become a handsome young man." And so the cat was suddenly changed into a tall, dark and handsome young man.

The young man then approached the young beauty, held her softly in his arms and whispered in her ear, "Now I bet you're sorry you had me fixed!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *true love* as: an injection with affection to the midsection by a projection without objection.

Three mice found a bottle of wine and proceeded to get completely wasted. The first mouse started telling the others how he was going to Washington and tell the President to get screwed. The second, not to be outdone, boasted how he planned to go to Iran and tell them what they could do with their oil. The third little mouse thought for a moment and said, "You guys ain't shit. I'm going upstairs to fuck the cat!"

The tightfisted old farmer had worked around animals all his life, so when his new wife was about to have a baby he told the doctor, "I can deliver it as good as you and save some money."

A couple of weeks later the farmer called the doctor and said, "Well, the wife just had a little boy."

"Is everything all right?" the doctor asked.

"Yeah," the old farmer replied, "but I had a helluva time gettin' her to eat the afterbirth."

A couple of Polacks were sitting on a tractor and mowing a field of hay when one of them fell off and had his ear chopped off by the tractor blade. The other one stopped the machine, and together the two men searched the ground for the missing ear. Twenty minutes later one yelled to the other, "Hey, ain't this your ear laying here?"

The other Polack ran over and looked at the bloody ear on the ground. "Naw, that can't be mine. Mine had a pencil stuck behind it!"

Two newlyweds were too shy to say the word *fuck*, so they agreed to use the word *wash* instead.

One night the fellow rolled over and said, "Honey, let's do the wash tonight." His wife told him she had a headache.

A few hours later she awoke and started feeling guilty about having turned her husband down. So she awakened him and asked, "Darling, do you still want to do the wash?"

Sleepily he replied, "No, thanks, sweetheart. It was a small load; I just did it by hand."

When Charlie found out his teenage son was making it with everything in skirts, he gave the kid a box of rubbers and warned him, "The way you're screwing around, you're gonna catch a disease. I want you to put on a fresh one of these each time so you'll be protected."

The boy opened the box, counted the 12 sheaths and replied, "This is real nice of you, Pop, but what about tomorrow night?"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *macho* as: putting on sneakers and jogging home right after a vasectomy.

As little Tommy's mother was tucking him into bed, her big tits fell out of her blouse while she bent over to kiss him good-night. The next day the boy asked his

father what those things were on his mother's chest.

"Those are balloons," the father replied, "so when Mommy dies we can blow them up and she'll float right up to heaven."

Several weeks later Tommy's dad was outside working on his lawn when Tommy ran screaming up to him. "Mommy's dying! Mommy's dying!" the child shrieked.

"What do you mean?" the father inquired.

"Uncle Henry's inside blowing on Mommy's balloons, and all she can say is, 'Oh, God, I'm coming!'"

***HUSTLER** Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$25. Sorry, we can't return submissions.*

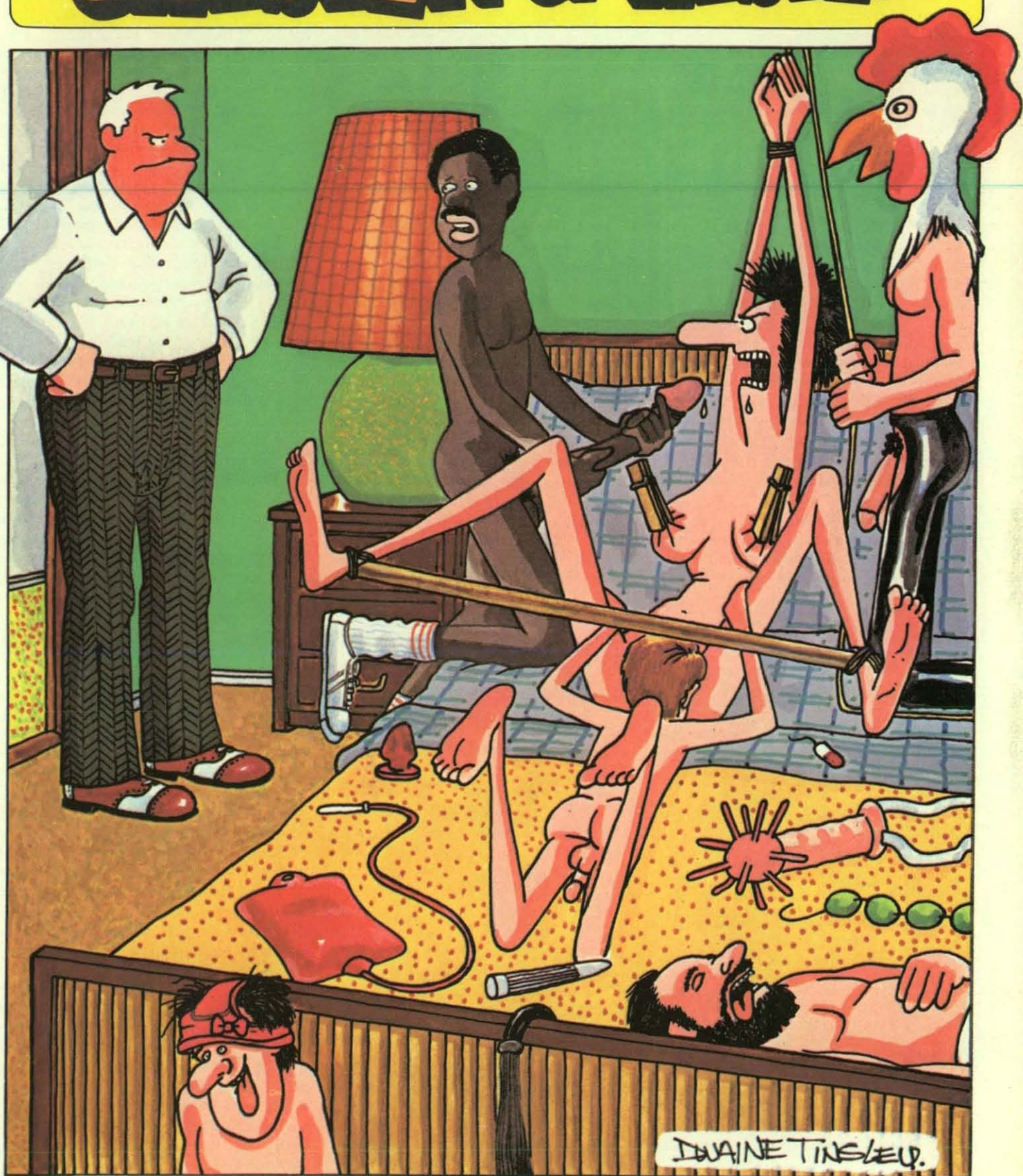
## HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think  
that's funny...



# CHESTER & HESTER



"You're fickle. First you say you want to add more variety to our sex life—then when I do, you get pissed!"



## PROFILE: RASHEED

(continued from page 54)

much money had been stolen.

The police were baffled. Didn't an organization handling such large sums of money keep records? They began to suspect that Hakeem had had himself ripped off to cover a whopping embezzlement of ministers' donations. Despite repeated police requests for duplicates of the receipts given to donating ministers, the church dragged its heels for weeks. Hakeem argued that it would be improper to divulge ministers' names.

Frustrated and angry, the police finally swore out a search warrant. Just before Christmas a dozen Oakland officers swept through Hakeem's office, seizing 5,000 documents. It was open war at last. By early January 1979 police were saying \$353,000 had been stolen on November 29—not to mention an additional half-million dollars from an earlier robbery Hakeem never reported.

"If all this money and all these records are taken, what about the people expecting an increase?" police Lieutenant Harold Mijanovich asked, scarcely concealing his glee. "This could prove interesting."

January 1979 must have been the cruelest month for Hakeem, even though federal indictments still were

four months away. On the fourth, Los Angeles police announced that an investigation of Hakeem's L.A. parish was under way.

The next day San Diego police pounced on three church members, including a Reverend Magre Taalamu. They were arrested on conspiracy charges covering grand theft and fraud, and "The Rev. T." was also charged with conspiring to sell securities without a permit. A TV newsman asked Taalamu how much he'd made. "Ninety million," he answered.

On the 17th the Internal Revenue Service filed a \$623,853.27 tax lien against Hakeem, seizing his yacht and towing it to an island in the middle of San Francisco Bay.

Four days later a second lien for \$910,000 was filed, and bank accounts in Hakeem's name were frozen.

During the last week of January 1979 the church stopped issuing letters of increase. Hakeem blamed it on the IRS actions, but while many ministers agreed to stick it out with him, some called the police. One woman said she had a letter promising a \$79,000 return. Oakland investigators began to make a list of people willing to put their allegations in writing.

Early in March, "Bishop" Leroy Carlton Bryant was charged with the

theft of \$34,000 from his former employer, a Pasadena subsidiary of Xerox Corporation. The next month security chief Paige Sargent and personal secretary Olga Saladores split from Hakeem, making as much noise about it as they could. They were particularly embittered, they said, because Hakeem refused to pay their monthly salaries of \$800 and \$600 after learning they'd skimmed \$3,600 from the church when he stalled on their increases, totaling \$22,000. Astonished and wounded by his apparent hypocrisy—they claimed to have firsthand information linking Hakeem and Phillips to the repeated disappearances of stacks of \$50 and \$100 bills immediately after celebrations—Sargent and Saladores told Hakeem they were going to the FBI.


"Go ahead—I'll lie if I have to," they recalled Hakeem saying.

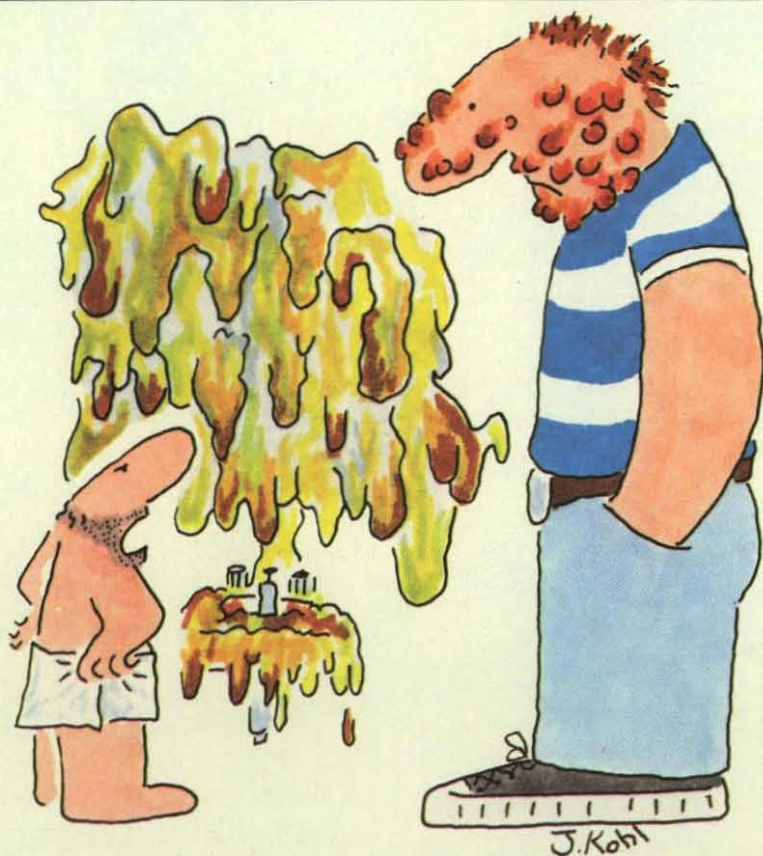
"The church is a scam—Hakeem is totally in his right mind, but he's the biggest con who ever lived!" Sargent raged. "Olga and I are the first [insiders] to come forward!"

Saladores claimed January's "pause for the cause" was a hoax. "Even with the IRS tying up that money, the church could more than afford to pay increases because more than \$20 million came in last year alone," she said. "He mentioned that figure at a staff meeting, but I'm sure there's four times that amount. So where is the money? The ministers have a right to know."

So did Uncle Sam, federal investigators believed. Hakeem and Phillips were indicted late in May, and a trial was scheduled for the fall. Asked if the church would continue, Hakeem answered with a question of his own: "When the last Pope died, did the Catholic Church go on?"

It was a curious remark, for it suggested that the alleged con artist may have recognized that, whatever happens to him, the American dream of finding sudden wealth and happiness would endure. He simply had come to personify it for a few thousand souls, Hakeem seemed to be saying. Was it fair to blame him for enriching himself in the process?

Maybe Hakeem's logical explanation for the church is just so much bull. But in all likelihood the hard-nosed truth is that Hakeem Abdul Rasheed could be one of the damndest crooks who ever walked the face of the earth. And there's a chance we'll be hearing, any day now, about thoroughly impoverished, hopelessly distraught Church of Hakeem ministers who've jumped out the window, like the busted investors in the stock-market crash of 1929. 



"Do you have to pop your pimples in the mirror?"



# MASTURBATION

In this age of supposed sexual liberation, masturbation remains one of the last great taboos. While much of the traditional hysteria associated with sex has been tamed somewhat by a growing realization that a healthy sex life can include a myriad of practices once thought deviant or perverted, the stigma of centuries of misinformation is still with us.

Guilt over masturbation is the product of civilization. Only a few remote tribes in the tropics of the South Pacific or in the sun-pounded stretches of central Africa enjoy a relaxed and healthy attitude toward self-gratification. The minds of these primitive people, one can safely assume, have always been much too occupied with satisfying the basic needs of everyday life to invent any problems about masturbation.

It is true that some African tribes are known to practice ceremonial sex surgery as part of their puberty rites. These operations may include sewing shut a girl's vaginal



lips or cutting out her clitoris, or inserting a wood or ivory pin in the pierced penis of a boy. While these customs may be aimed at preventing self-gratification, to us they seem to be the results of relatively late "civilizing" influences.

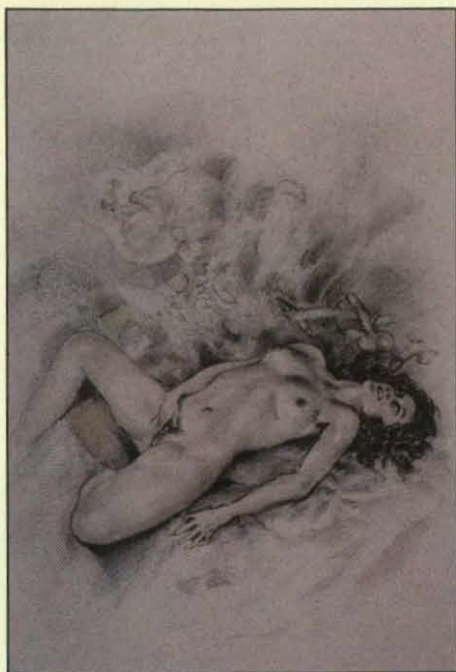
The irrational fear of masturbation grew only as civilization grew. Thus, in civilization's early days sexual solitaire was not a great source of moral outrage. To the ancient Jews, for example, masturbation doesn't seem to have been much of a problem, although it was definitely frowned upon and was to become, in later stages of Jewish history, a harshly punishable moral sin. The Old Testament hardly mentions it, one exception being an obscure passage in Ezekiel: "Thou hast also taken thy fair jewels of my gold and of my silver, which I had given thee, and madest to thyself images of men, and didst commit whoredom with them."

Ezekiel was apparently referring to the

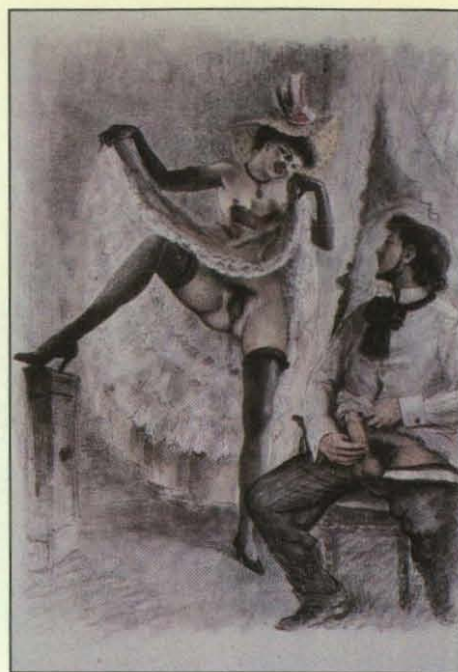
## EXPOSING THE MYTHS

Analysis by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen





Previous page: painting by Paul Avril from *A Summer in the Country* (author unknown; Paris, 1905). Left: painting by Eduard Chimot from Pierre Louys's *Mother's Three Daughters* (Paris, 1907). Right: lithograph by Paul-Emile Becat from Paul Verlaine's *Erotic Works* (Brussels, 1948). Below: heliogravure by Paul Avril from Carl Forberg's *Manual of Classical Erotology* (Paris, 1906). Far right, above: painting by anonymous 18th-century Japanese artist in style of Kitagawa Utamaro. Far right, below: lithograph by Paul-Emile Becat from *The Young Girl and the Court Page* (author, date and place of publication unknown).



practice of women using artificial penises ("images of men") for masturbatory purposes. What else could that stern prophet have meant by "committing whoredom with them"?

For traditional Christians the whole trouble with masturbation began with a

misunderstanding of a passage in Genesis about a fellow named Onan (from whom we get the word *onanism*, a synonym for masturbation). The irony is that the passage in question does not refer to masturbation at all. Onan's "sin" was in practicing the good old withdrawal method of birth control while having sexual relations with the widow of his deceased brother (as was the custom in that time). As the Scripture so aptly puts it (Genesis 38:9), he "spilled [his seed] on the ground."

The early Church did not pay much attention to masturbation. It was considered "sinful" only to the extent that any kind of sexual activity—even be-

tween husband and wife—was sinful if it was performed for pleasure rather than for the propagation of the race.

Even during the Middle Ages masturbation was not really a major moral problem. A notable exception was that witch-hunters considered masturbation







one proof of witchcraft. But then they also considered any unorthodox sexual behavior a sure sign of sorcery, leaving one with the impression that witches must have been pretty liberated folk.

All this benign neglect of the "sin" of masturbation came to an abrupt end in 1710 with the publication by an anonymous English clergyman of a treatise entitled *Onania, or the Heinous Sin of Self-Pollution*. Suddenly, playing with one's genitals became as deadly a sin as murder, imposing on offenders the most serious holy retribution. The Christian God of Love was now cast in the role of "Divine Castrator."

The English clergyman's condemnation of masturbation possibly influenced a physician by the name of Simon-Andre Tissot. Since Tissot was a papal adviser on epidemic control and the author of an important book on public health, his words carried weight. Consequently, when he published *Onanism, a Treatise on the Disorders Produced by Masturbation* (1758), the medical profession in Europe took it seriously.

In a nutshell Tissot's thesis was this: All sexual activity is dangerous because it causes a rush of blood to the brain. This starves the nerves, making them susceptible to damage while inducing insanity. But solitary orgasm is the most deadly kind of all because it can be indulged in so conveniently and at such a tender age that excess is inevitable. In fact, maintained Tissot, the consequences of masturbation are so grave that the guilt resulting from its commission is itself dangerous to the system.

"The masturbator," Tissot wrote, "is perpetually exhausted, liable to melancholy, fits, blindness, catalepsy, im-

tence, indigestion, idiocy, paralysis. . . ."

Curiously, while claiming that excessive sexual activity led to disease, Tissot contended with equal fervor that practicing "excessive continence"—that is, abstaining from sex to an unnatural degree—was also asking for trouble.



This Catch-22 thinking prompted Voltaire, the French philosopher, to ask: "How then should we use the precious fluid which nature has given us to multiply the race? Scatter it round and it will kill you; store it up and it may kill you as surely. . . ."

Thinking along similar lines as Tissot, several 18th-century German doctors joined the chorus, all linking masturbation to insanity. Then American doctors started singing the same tune. Dr. Benjamin Rush, for instance, concluded: "The morbid effects of intemperance with women are feeble and of a transitory nature compared with the train of moral evils which this solitary vice fixes upon mind and body." He added a long list of afflictions (including death!) he claimed were results of jacking-off.

Some doctors, like Ebenezer Sibly in the late 18th century, discovered there was money to be made by creating masturbation anxiety in people and then selling them patent medicines to "cure" it. Sibly unashamedly advertised a formula he called "Benificent Tincture" ("Solar" for men, "Lunar" for women!), "at only seven shillings and sixpence the small, and thirteen shillings the large bottle, duty included."

In 1853 two other enterprising London physicians offered to the public a patent medicine poetically advertised as "Cordial Balm of Syracium." It was said to cure "the terrific consequences of indulging in the vicious habit of self-pollution."

It was only slowly—and timidly at first—that saner voices in the medical profession began to make themselves heard. By the mid-1800s, according to Dr. E. H. Hare, some advanced thinkers



dared to swim against the mainstream of medical thinking by venturing the opinion that "an increase in sexual excitement, often shown by patients at the beginning of insanity, is a *symptom* and not a *cause* of the disease."

By 1895 Dr. Henry Maudsley, a distinguished psychiatrist, had changed a chapter heading in his textbook from "Insanity of Self-abuse" to "Insanity and Self-abuse"—a big step to take for a man who had much to lose by so doing.

At the same time, Dr. Maudsley went on record saying that "mental disorder due to self-abuse" is not always easy to distinguish from "simple adolescent insanity, for the early symptoms of both are the same, and are due to the process of adolescence and not to the particular vice."

From this point on most physicians and psychiatrists stopped talking about masturbation as a cause of blindness and insanity, relating it instead to such things as "neurosis" and "immaturity."

This shift in perception, however, did not prevent unscrupulous merchants from continuing to sell all manner of devices designed to prevent voluntary self-gratification as well as involuntary wet dreams. There were "chastity belts" for both sexes that made masturbation all but impossible; gloves made of

sandpaperlike material that would have discouraged any but dyed-in-the-wool masochists from bringing their hands anywhere near their genitals; and metal rings with vicious, pointed teeth on the inside, worn at night around the penis to awaken the sleeper in case of nocturnal erections.

Even Dr. Sigmund Freud, the great emancipator who brought so many sexual skeletons out of the closet, was too closely tied to his middle-class Viennese Jewish culture to give masturbation a clean bill of health. He gave it only his *conditional* OK. It was, he thought, all right for children to masturbate, but once they had reached the adult stage of "full genital sexuality," they were expected to give it up in favor of heterosexual intercourse. Exceptions were to be made for those who, by dint of infirmity or occupation, had no ready access to suitable partners—and that meant partners of the opposite sex, since Freud considered homosexuality a sign of "arrested psycho-sexual development."

In connection with female sexuality in general—and female masturbation in particular—Freud's psychoanalytical thinking was further complicated by the assumption that a young girl, upon reaching sexual maturity, was to give up the real clitoral pleasures she already

knew for the promise of even greater "vaginal" pleasures to follow. But Freud himself suspected that his theories on female sexuality were not the last word on the subject, and he expressed the hope that someday female analysts would be "better able to apprehend the facts with greater ease and clearness."

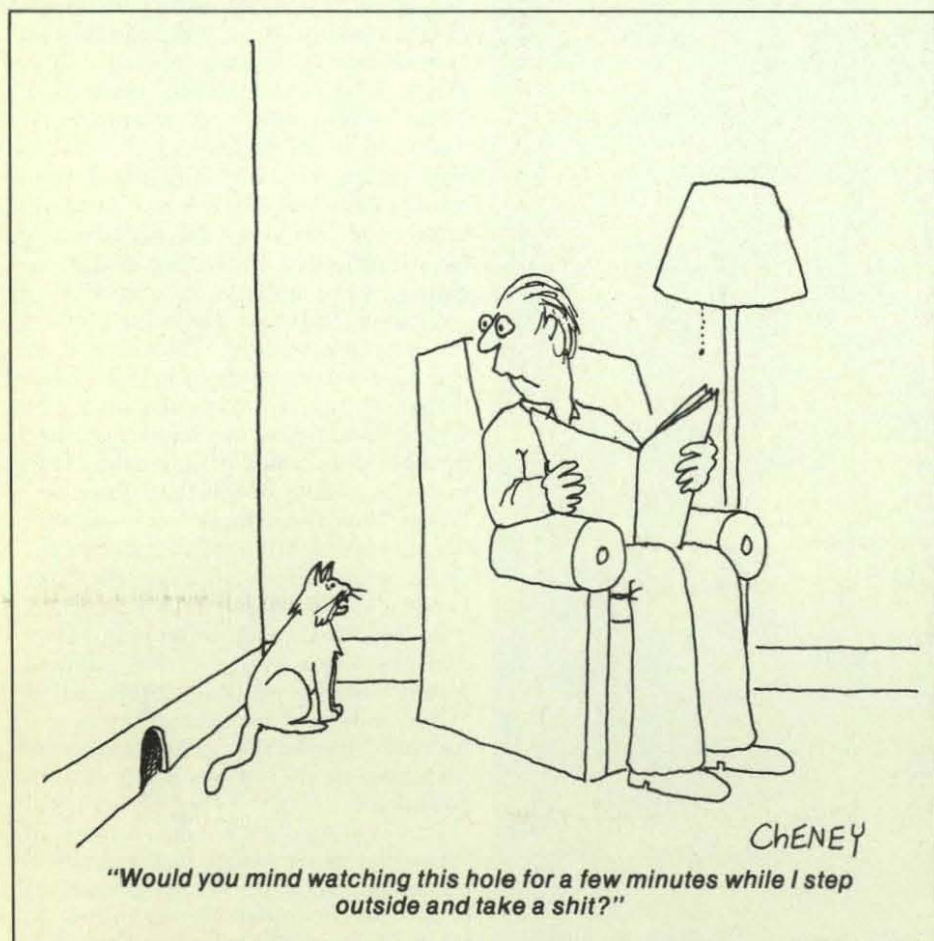
It was a reasonable hope, but women proved to be their own worst enemies. Marie Bonaparte, for instance, a prominent analyst who studied under Freud, spelled out in no uncertain terms that "normal" sexual function in women "involves the suppression of the . . . clitoris in favor of the vagina." And Helene Deutsch, another of Freud's students, wrote: "The competition of the clitoris, which intercepts the excitations unable to reach the vagina, and the genital trauma then create the dispositional basis of a permanent sexual inhibition, i.e., frigidity."

But clitoral manipulation is what most female masturbation is all about. Mother Nature has arranged things so that, given the facts of childbirth and the potential pain associated with it, there are, mercifully, not so many nerve endings inside the vagina. So, popular psychoanalytic theory has put a generation or two of women in a double bind. If they don't masturbate, at least in childhood, they're likely to become hopelessly neurotic; if they do, they supposedly get fixated in the "clitoral" stage, never develop to "full sexual maturity" and thus never know the blessings of the so-called vaginal orgasm.

A later group of women analysts—including Karen Horney, Clara Thompson and Phyllis Greenacre in this country, and Melanie Klein in England—began to question and revise Freudian thinking about female sexuality, including masturbation. And cultural anthropologists—some of them women like Margaret Mead—began to debunk Freud's psychoanalytic doctrine. But even today many psychoanalysts hedge on the issue of masturbation.

The contemporary clinical objection to masturbation is more subtle and sophisticated than merely linking it with insanity. The emphasis is now on "interpersonal relations" and the alleged danger that masturbation encourages asocial behavior, social withdrawal or a lost sense of reality. One such voice is that of another woman analyst, Dr. Edrita Fried, who contends: "People who satisfy themselves primarily through masturbation because they have not acquired the talent of relating to real partners harm themselves, because by settling for a lonesome

(continued on page 92)








"But listen, folks. The Timex is still ticking!"



# HEAT STROKE





A man in a white tuxedo with a black bow tie is holding a bottle of champagne. The bottle has a label that partially reads "LYN" and "SON". He is standing in a room with wooden shutters in the background. To his right is a brass lamp with three glowing, frosted glass shades. The scene is dimly lit, creating a moody atmosphere.

Stranded on a steamy tropical isle, Ingrid realizes she will do anything to gain passage back to the mainland. Earlier she had been sitting at a table under the thatched roof of Rick's Cafe, a notorious hangout for drug-smugglers and gun-runners. As she sipped her mai-tai, she was approached by Pepe, who traffics in contraband and women. He will make a deal, he tells her. He will get her to the States in exchange for a slight favor.

Now, back in her room to consummate the deal, she wonders why she would ever want to leave such a beautiful island paradise.



























## MASTURBATION

(continued from page 82)

sexuality they stop the quest for real contacts with their contemporaries."

In other words, professional "anxiety-making" about masturbation is still with us. Only the approach and vocabulary have changed.

What is the reality of masturbation's role in present-day human sexuality? Alfred Kinsey, in his landmark studies of human sexual behavior published in the late 1940s and early 1950s, found masturbation the second-most-important source of sexual gratification in the life of the average American male (after heterosexual coitus). More significantly, Kinsey determined it to be the sexual activity most reliably leading to orgasm for women.

Regarding masturbation's popularity as a human sexual outlet, Kinsey discovered that it was a regular and frequent occurrence in the lives of nearly all single males (92%), a majority of single females (62%) and a substantial percentage of married men and women. This should not be particularly surprising; as Morton Hunt points out in *Sexual Behavior of the 1970s*: "[Masturbation] is convenient, free, safe (it can cause

neither venereal diseases nor pregnancies), and devoid of social or interpersonal difficulties."

And, although Hunt sees only a "small overall increase" in the total incidence of masturbation since Kinsey's time, there have been substantial increases in the frequency of masturbation among certain groups of people—most notably teenagers and women—in the last three decades.

One big change has been in the age at which young people start masturbating. Here the sexual-liberation movement's effect on social inhibitions is making itself felt statistically. In Kinsey's time 45% of all males had masturbated by the time they were 13. By the early 1970s fully 63% had jacked off by that age.

"Evidently," concludes Hunt, "it has been far easier for people passing through adolescence and the teens in the past decade or so to perceive masturbation as acceptable, at least internally, than it was for their parents' generation."

As might have been anticipated, the shift among females has been even more dramatic, since they traditionally have carried the brunt of sexual suppression. At mid-century it was estimated that only 15% of women had masturbated to orgasm by age 13. By the early 1970s the figure had jumped to 33%, a better than

twofold increase in less than 25 years.

The same pronounced shift from one generation to another is evident when comparing the percentages of married females who report experience with masturbation. In Kinsey's study it was 44%. Hunt's sample reflected a whopping increase, to 61%.

Women's attitudes about masturbation are affected by religion in a surprising way. The orthodox, taking-things-literally kind of religious belief naturally puts the brakes on some people's sex lives—but only for women. Nobody seems to know why. Perhaps biological factors simply put more pressure behind the male sex drive, so that "nature will out" regardless of the restraints—and what more convenient "out" exists than jerking-off? Or it may be just another result of society having kept women's sexuality much more strictly in check than men's over the centuries.

Curious too in this regard is the impact that religious affiliations—with their varying degrees of "devoutness"—have on masturbation. While Hunt's survey found Catholics and Protestants generally similar in their sexual behavior, he discovered that Catholics who are active masturbators do it more frequently than Protestants (who, of course, run the gamut from conservative Southern Baptists to the more liberal Presbyterians). As an explanation, Hunt speculates that the relieving effect of confession may make it easier for Catholics to get over guilt feelings about such things as masturbation. He could be right, because Protestants, without the comforts of confession and possible absolution, are stuck with their troubled consciences. Therefore, they may have to struggle harder to conform to the moral tenets of their religion—in other words, choose to refrain from playing with themselves.

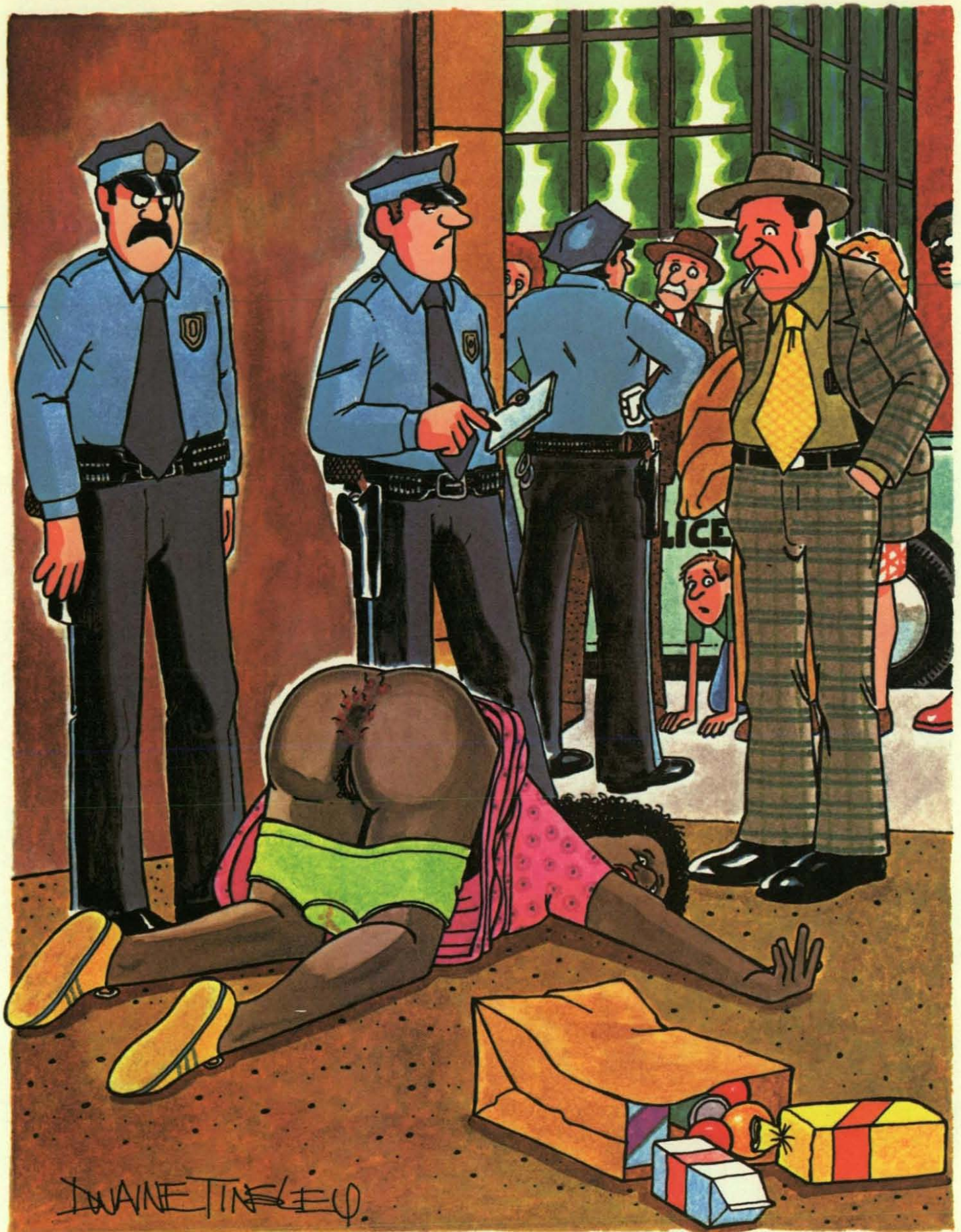
There is also an element of "class-consciousness" in modern masturbatory practices. Hunt found that working-class men and women, and men and women with no college education, are more troubled as a group by their masturbatory desires—and more inclined to believe long-discredited "old wives' tales" about them—than are white-collar workers and those who have had at least some college education.

Since the sexual attitudes and behavior of women show the most significant trends, let's look at a few more comparisons involving females. A generation ago only a little more than one-quarter of all single girls in their upper teens and only about one-third of those in their

(continued on page 112)

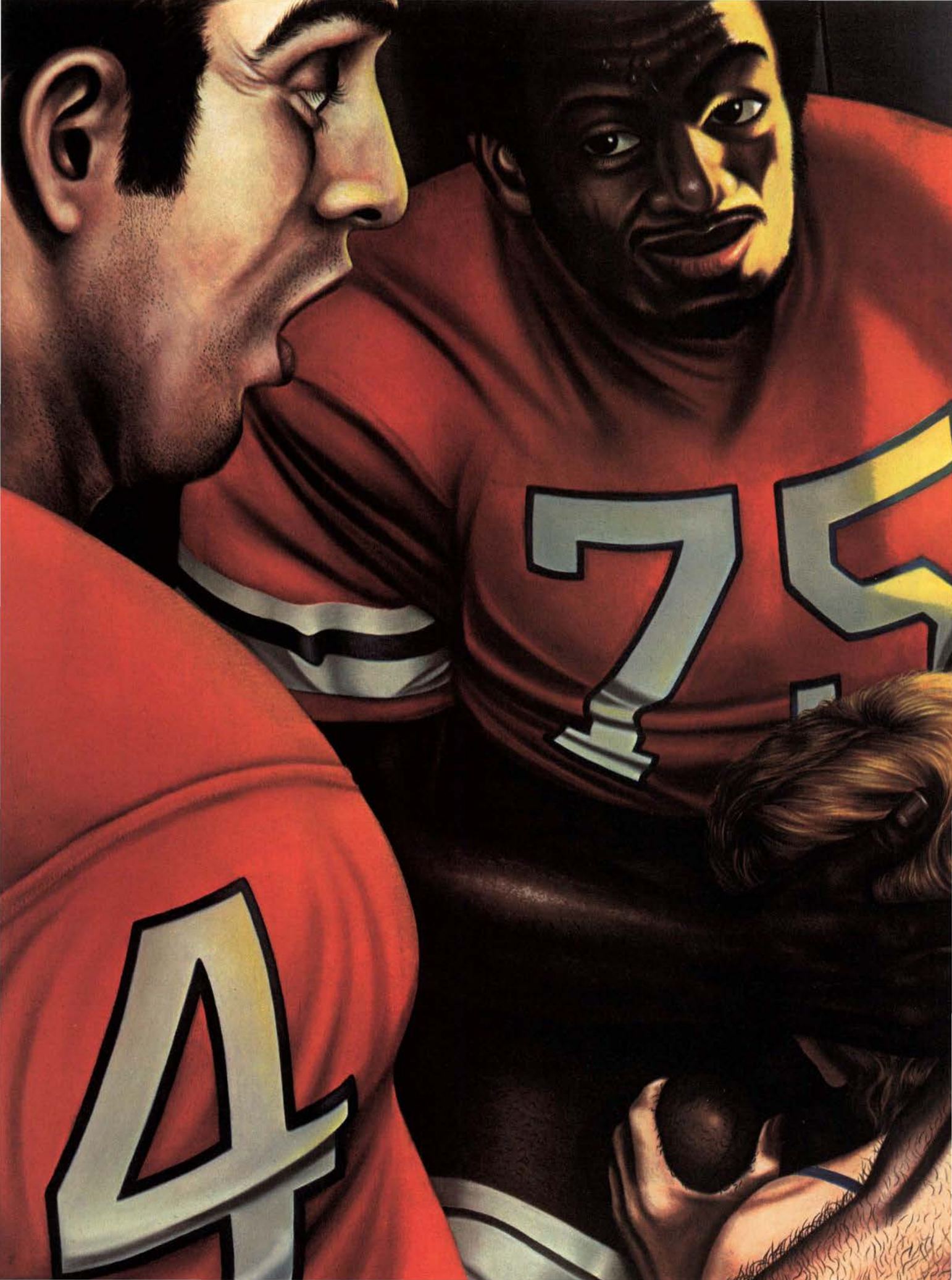






"Looks like another hit-and-run attack of the dreaded Dingleberry Bandit, Lieutenant."









# GAME

It was finally time to stop. I sat on the bench in the trainer's room and untaped my ankles. Outside, the huge crowd in Three Rivers Stadium was flowing through the exits toward the parking lot like a giant science-fiction amoeba.

I had just spent nearly three hours on

**FICTION BY BEN PESTA**

Illustration by Dan Kirk



the stadium floor, running in pill-crazed fear from 285-pound tackles and agile, 250-pound linebackers through a freezing Pennsylvania snowstorm. We'd won the game, 27-21, and that meant that we and not the Steelers would be going to the Super Bowl. My teammates seemed to feel good about that. Out in the locker room they were pouring beer over each other's heads and jumping up and down and embracing. I could hear an adenoidal voice expressing surprise in big words, which meant that someone had even felt good enough to embrace Howard Cosell.

I guess I was supposed to feel good too, but I didn't. I felt tired and cold, and there wasn't a single place on my body that didn't hurt.

Let me tell you about after-game parties. After-game parties are a tradition in the National Football League, although parties that come after a win, especially a big win, are a lot more fun than the parties that someone throws after you get blown away by 20 or 30 points. This win was one of the biggest of all—the American Football Conference championship—and the party promised to be something special.

Although professional-football players are supposed to be great partyers, it's a fact that no one really feels like going to a party after a game. That day we'd

celebrated in the locker room, and celebrated some more on the plane back to New York, and fought our way through a mob of fans at La Guardia Airport, and all of that would wear you out even if you hadn't spent the afternoon getting your head knocked. But we all party, just the same.

I guess the reason is that after a game your adrenaline level is winding down, your greenies and painkillers have worn off, and you want to be with your teammates when reality sets in. Anything is better than going home alone and thinking about how much pain you're in.

New York was pretty much paralyzed by the same snowstorm that blanketed the entire eastern seaboard. I was lucky to get a cab to take me from my apartment on Jane Street in the West Village to the incredibly posh floor-through co-op on East 78th Street where some friend of the Gambaccinis, the family that owns the team, was hosting the celebration.

The doorman, who both looked and dressed like an escaped Nazi war criminal, checked my name against the guest list, then directed me to the elevator. I pushed the button marked P (for penthouse) and waited. The elevator slowed and stopped, the door opened, and I emerged into the lobby of a place that looked like something out of the *New*

*York Times's* "Living" section. A private doorman ushered me into a living room that contained about 11 couches. There was fabric on the walls, modern art was strewn around like American flags on the Fourth of July, and everywhere that there wasn't a painting there was a photograph of the apartment's owner with somebody famous. I noticed that about as often as not the somebody famous was a football player.

"Hi, there—glad you could make it!" said a voice behind me. It was so cheery, it sounded more like it was touting feminine-hygiene spray than welcoming a stranger to a party. I turned around to see who the voice belonged to.

Its owner also owned the apartment. He was tall, almost my height and dressed in a brown-velvet blazer that must have set him back \$400. His gray hair was razor-trimmed right below his ears. "I'm Paul Stern," he said. "This is my place." This last was hardly necessary, since I'd already seen his picture on the walls about 60 times. "And you're Randy Clayton, right?"

"Right," I said, extending a hand. Just as I'd feared he would, he grabbed it in one of those Mr. Macho grips that say, "We're both real studs even though you're a professional jock." I wonder where people get the idea that athletes have a masochistic thing about getting their hands mangled?

"Great game," he said. I nodded and thanked him. I meant it too. I *had* had a pretty good game. I'd gained 120 yards rushing, scored one TD and scampered for 32 yards to set up a second. We still might've won without me, but the score would've been much closer.

"Make yourself at home," said Paul Stern. "The drinks are over there." He waved toward the bar. I thanked him again and walked over to where Gene McMichael, our quarterback, and a couple of blondes were gobbling up cocaine like it was going to evaporate.

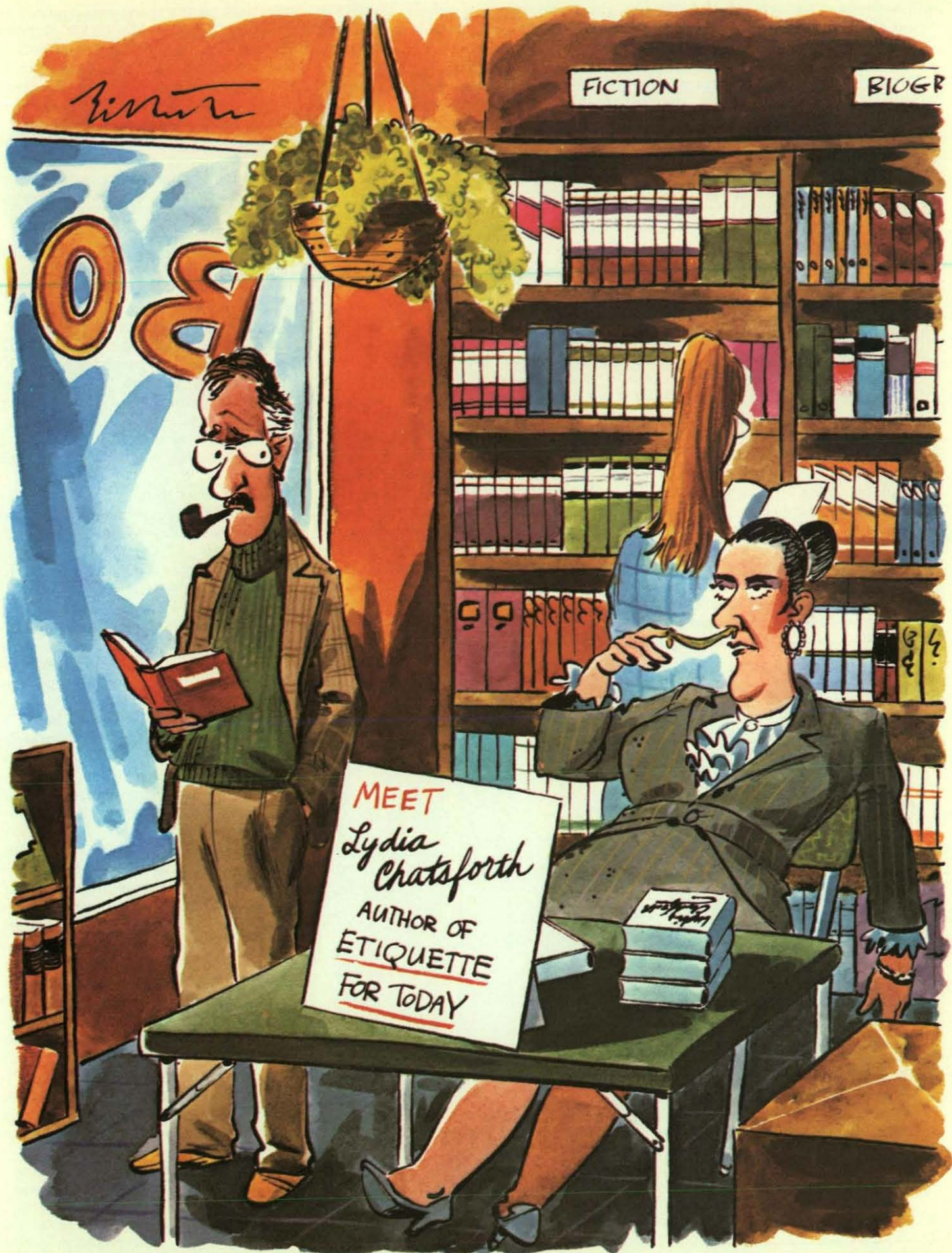
"Hello, QB," I smiled. "How's your tailbone?"

McMichael had been sacked twice during the game, once by a kid named Raymond Washington, a rookie defensive tackle whose weight was listed in the Steelers' program at 280, but who we all figured at not an ounce under 300. "Hi, there, stud hoss," said McMichael. "I reckon I'll live. Have a toot?"

"Thanks," I said, bringing his little gold spoon toward my nose and inhaling five bucks' worth of Peru's biggest export. McMichael was a kid, just 25, but he had a good arm. He was in his fourth season with the team and, like anyone else who's survived four years of high-school ball, four years of college









and a couple of pro seasons, he knew all about avoiding injuries. If he could just luck out of the unavoidable ones, he'd have a great career.

"Randy," he said, "I'd like you to meet Doris Jean and Bonnie. They're both Braniff stew in town from Dallas." I couldn't tell from his vague gesture which blonde was which, but I guessed it didn't matter. Both had big eyes, up-thrust breasts and satin disco pants.

"Pleased to meet you both, ladies," I smiled. "Sorry about your hometown boys," I added, referring to the fact that the Dallas Cowboys had that day lost the National Football Conference championship to the Los Angeles Rams.

"Oh, wasn't that too bad?" said the blonde with the slightly larger breasts, looking like a truck had just run over her kitten. "Which team would you have preferred to play in the Super Bowl?"

"Saint Monica's Catholic High School for Girls," I answered. "Would you excuse me, please?" I wandered away, looking for a bathroom.

I found one quickly—Stern's penthouse probably had nine or ten—but when I walked in, I saw Leroy Willis, one of our defensive ends, sitting on the pot. In front of him, on her knees, a wiry redhead was sliding her mouth up and down his big, black cock. It looked as if

she were trying to gobble a clarinet.

"Oh, hell, sorry," I said, backing out.

"No, tha's OK, Randy," said Leroy, exhaling smoke from a joint. "Hey, Randy Clayton, meet Virginia O'Reilly. It's Virginia's stated ambition to do both Super Bowl teams before the game. You c'n be next, if you want."

"Hello, Virginia," I said.

"Glrrmph," said Virginia, her head still bobbing.

"Thanks, Leroy, I think not," I said, reaching forward to take a toke from the big lineman's proffered joint. Virginia was cupping Willis's balls in her hand, or as much of them as she could get in one hand. Around the locker room we called Willis "the three-legged man."

I excused myself and walked back out to rejoin the party. On one of Paul Stern's 11 couches Billy Ray Broshears, our starting tight end, was sitting between two girls. He had one hand down the front of each girl's blouse. Over in a far corner of the room Walter Huddleston, a rookie reserve linebacker, was puking into a rubber-tree plant. Near the bar Stern was introducing an attractive brunette, obviously his date, to Joseph Chester. Chester, an offensive tackle, boasts an IQ almost as high as his chest measurement (normal, not expanded). From the way Joseph was narrowing his eyes and staring at Stern's

girlfriend, I knew it was only a matter of time before the monster tackle plopped out his dick, laid it in the brunette's hand and said, "Hey, you wanna go off an' sit on this beauty?" It was Chester's favorite trick at social gatherings, and it seldom failed to amuse.

I made my way to the bar, nodded hello to George Simms, our All-Pro cornerback, and asked the bartender for a very dry martini. Yessir, it was going to be one helluva party.

A few hours later I was back in my apartment with the bustier Braniff stew. Through my bedroom window I could see the snow drift down in big, wet flakes. The stew took off her slick, satin pants and her blouse and shook her full breasts. "You like my titties, honey?" she asked. "I had 'em pumped full of silicone in Juarez. Cost me more'n a month's salary."

"They're very nice, Bonnie Jean," I mumbled, taking down my \$60 French jeans.

"It's *Dawrus* Jean," she said in exasperation. Then she stared and pointed at my knees. "Eeyew, how *gross*!" she exclaimed.

She was right. After five operations my knees look like a railroad map of northern New Jersey. They're criss-crossed with S-shaped scars, tiny X-shaped scars and every kind of mark you can think of. Almost every running back who's been in the league a few years has knees just as pretty.

"It's from an old war wound, baby," I said, moving toward her chest and taking her left breast in my mouth. Silicone or not, it tasted fresh and stewardess-sweet, and I moved my tongue around her big nipple, tweaking it with my teeth from time to time.

"Ooh, Randy," Doris Jean squealed. "When y'all suck on my titty that way, I can feel it right down in my honeypot."

And Doris Jean's honeypot was where I was headed. I moved down from her nipple, licking the undersides of those buoyant, *hecho en Mexico* tits, across her hard, flat stomach, washing the tiny golden hairs there with my tongue, and finally arrived south of her navel at what she called her honeypot. It was yellow all right, like the rest of Doris Jean's hair, but it didn't taste like honey. It tasted like old-fashioned Texas cunt, salty and pungent, and I spread her pink lips and dove in with my tongue, alternately jabbing, teasing and nibbling.

Doris Jean wasn't a girl to lie back and take it. As I worked on her pussy, her legs scissored and thrashed around my ears, and I could barely hear her

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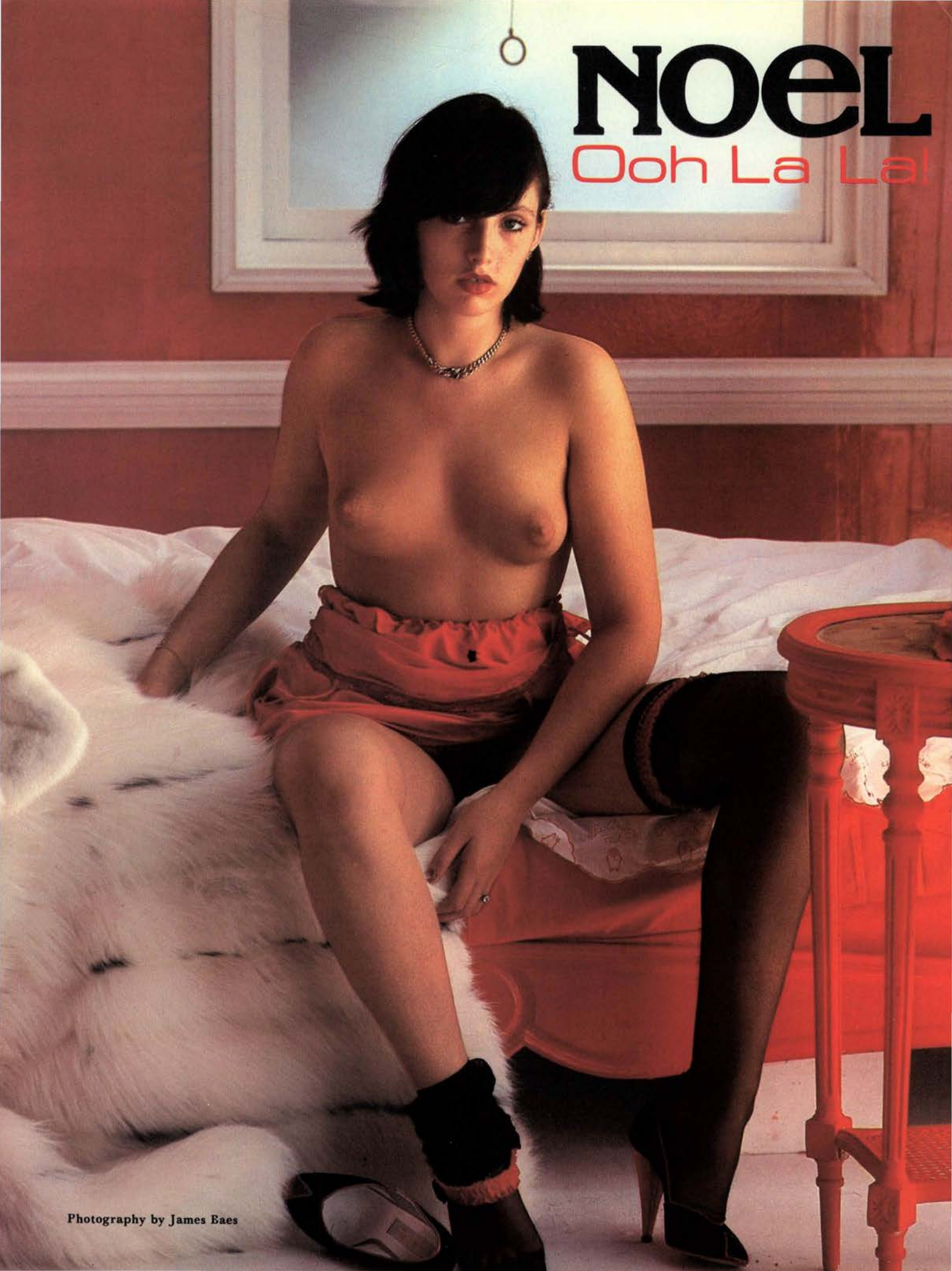


"See you later, you fat fuckin' son of a bitch. I'm off to my fuckin' Freedom of Speech League meeting!"



# NOEL

Ooh La La!



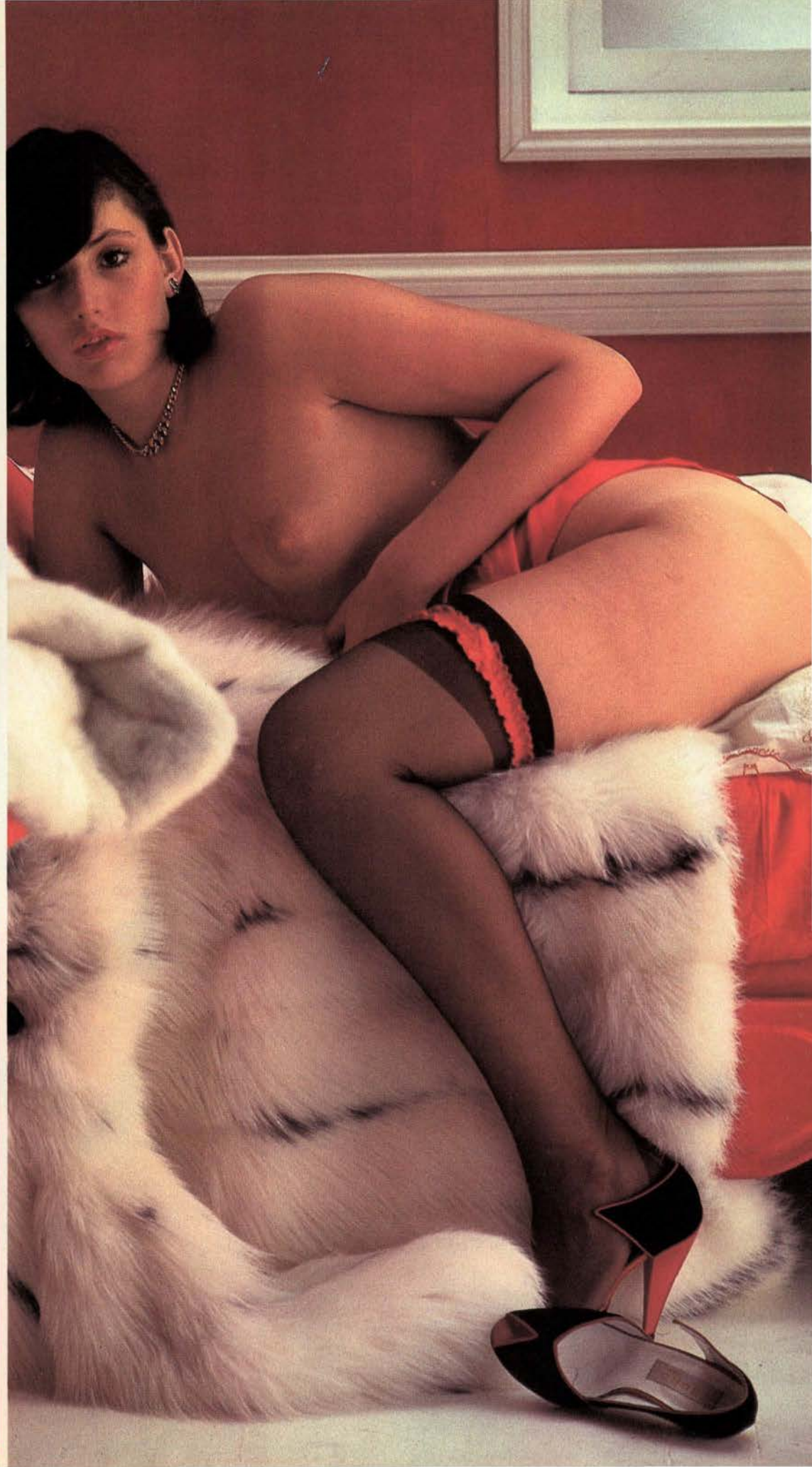
Photography by James Baes





*Noel* is the French word for Christmas, and *our* Noel would warm up anyone's Yuletide nights. Although many people feel the French are cold and unemotional, this young Parisian is full of the spirit of giving all year round. And at Christmastime she really gives her all!















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Model's Social Security Number

Date

## GAME

(continued from page 98)

screaming, "Oh, *shit*, Randy, goddamnit *damn*, baby, you eat me so good!"

I ran my lips up to the crest of Doris Jean's cunt, took her clit in my mouth and began to pop it in and out of its tiny hood. She *really* started screaming then, howling like a Siamese cat in heat. I had to clamp her thighs to keep her from bucking me off.

After what seemed like an hour of nonstop cunnilingus I was about to suffocate, Doris Jean's honey was running down my chin, and my cock was as hard as an offensive lineman's head. My little Texas stew was hollering, "Fuck me, oh, Lord, Randy, *fuck me!*" about as loudly as she might've yelled "Go, team, go!" back on the cheerleading squad at Conroe High School. I decided to oblige her.

I got up from between Doris Jean's legs and plunged deep into her pussy with no further preliminaries. Her hips started rolling like hurricane surf as she grabbed my hair and started murmuring dirties in my ear. "Oh, *damn*, baby," she crooned. "You fuck me so good . . . oh, baby, I love your cock; oh, baby, it feels so good inside me, baby; oh, Randy, *I want your stuff in me!* . . ."

You've probably heard the routine before, yourself. By this time I had my cock so far inside Doris Jean I was afraid I'd get the bends. I was sliding all the way out of her, touching the outside of her cunt lips with the head of my cock and then diving back in. Her insides gripped my shaft like pink, molten bubble gum. Below me my field of vision was filled with blond hair and soft, tanned skin. I had the same feeling I get when I'm hit hard enough on the field that I know I'm going to fumble: I was about to let go.

And then I came. I heard a loud groan and realized that it was my own voice as I emptied a cascade of steaming hot goo into Doris Jean's insides. I rolled onto my back and watched her clean the stuff off my prick with her baby-doll lips, hearing her whisper, "Baby, you filled me up so good." And the loneliness and the hurt from the day's game went away for a while.

Two weeks of practice before the Super Bowl. Let me tell you, there's nothing like practice to put the fear of God in an athlete.

Early in the season you're afraid you won't make weight, or that a couple extra tenths of a second will find their way onto your time in the 40-yard dash,

or that the coach will catch you fumbling, or that he *won't* catch you breaking through the line for 20 yards. But the worst part, early on in any season, is the two-a-days: two 150-minute practice sessions each day in the summer heat with a break for lunch in between (which you don't feel like eating but you do anyway, because training table is mandatory). Sometime during the afternoon session you get cottonmouth, a condition where your tongue swells up and your mouth dries out and you can barely breathe, let alone swallow. Ever imagine having a split lip and no spit to lick it with? Happens all the time.

Later in the season you're in shape and can handle the workouts. Then the fear is that the injuries you've incurred during the season will show up, or that the knee will give out or the shoulder will reseparate, or that the coach will notice you dogging it because you're favoring a bone spur.

I'm in my 11th year in the NFL, and I'm pretty cagey about injuries. I can usually go in to the trainer and fake a minor one so he'll treat me for one of the real ones. Some guys never learn this, which is why the average NFL career lasts about four years.

I'm in a pretty strong position with the team too. I'm a running back and a good one. I've never led the conference in rushing, but I generally make it into the Top Ten, except for the couple of seasons I couldn't finish because of injuries. Also, I'm a good *white* running back, and don't you ever believe that doesn't help.

Still, I'm 32 years old, the insides of my knees are full of scar tissue—which doesn't stretch the way healthy muscle tissue does—and I'm probably not going to get any faster. I think about that a lot.

We'd had a rough practice out on the freezing Astroturf, and we were all happy to hit the showers. As I dried myself off, George Simms, his dark skin dripping water and his afro so wet it was almost straight, stepped into the locker room.

"Hey, Scooter," Simms hailed me. "I hear Coach is gonna use that extra first-round pick we got from Philadelphia to draft Willie Roberson next year."

Roberson was a big running back from Michigan. He'd led his team to a 39-6 Rose Bowl victory over USC, the first Rose Bowl win for the Big Ten in some years, and he seemed like a shoo-in for the Heisman Trophy. Any team would've jumped at the chance to get him, but his fearsome reputation and the huge signing bonus he could command



would spell bad news for that team's resident backs.

"Naw," I answered, grinning. "I hear we're gonna use it to get ourselves a young stud cornerback who doesn't have to wear a pacemaker." This was a reference to Simms's age, which was 34.

He laughed. He could afford to; he can still run the 40 in 4.6. "Randy, my man," he said, "if you don't have any of the old slip-'n'-slide workin' tonight, why don't you come over to our place? Arlene and I are having a few friends over for dinner."

"Love to, George," I said, "but I'll have to take a raincheck. Barb gets back into town tonight, and I'm meeting her at One Fifth."

Simms grinned, exposing a mouthful of white teeth, many of which were his own. "Scooter," he said, "when you gonna let that lady make an honest man of you?"

Barbara Rooker is what you might call my girlfriend, except that she's 30, which makes her hardly a girl. She's a producer for CBS network news, and between my being out of town half the season and her being out of town on assignment, we don't see a lot of each other. I expect she knows about the few stews I have stashed around various cities we play in, and I suspect that when I have an away game, Barb probably doesn't stay at home sitting on her thumbs. We've been together about three years now, mostly because we enjoy being with each other more than with anybody else. We might get married someday, or we might not.

One Fifth is short for One Fifth Avenue, which is this real pretty restaurant down near Washington Square where a couple can enjoy your basic New York dinner for only a hundred bucks or so. When I walked in that night, the first thing I spotted was Barb sitting at the bar. She looked like she always does, which is great. She was wearing a sort of rose-colored cocktail dress that exposed a healthy amount of chest, and her dark hair was pinned back. "Hi, there, cutie," I said. "You look just like the kind of girl who could show a feller a good time, if you get my drift."

She smiled up at me and gave me a kiss. "If it isn't Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy," she said. "How was the coke in Pittsburgh?"

"Strictly the kind that comes out of conversion furnaces," I answered. "Come on, let's get a table."

We wolfed down a bottle of white wine, some poached bass with green sauce, and a bottle of champagne for dessert. The tab came to \$118.79 without tip. (That's one of the things I like

about football. Where else can a young man with just a B.A. in Phys. Ed. from Notre Dame make \$180,000 a year?)

After dinner we took a cab uptown to Barb's place on West End Avenue. It had snowed, and the streets of New York looked like they do on picture postcards, for a change. All the pigeon shit had washed off the sides of the buildings, and the winos had gone back into the subways to live until the spring.

Back at Barb's we ripped off our clothes and made crazy love, first on her couch and then on the bed. Besides being beautiful, intelligent and understanding, Barb gives the best head I've ever received. She starts around mid-thigh, biting and nibbling on my thigh muscles, then works away on my balls, popping first one testicle and then the other into her mouth before she gets to the base of my cock. From there she works her way up ver-r-ry slowly, giving full attention to the big, sensitive ridge on the underside. When she finally comes to the head, she pops the whole thing in her mouth and works up and down on it, changing speeds and degrees of suction until I come. It usually doesn't take me very long.

We started off with one of Barb's custom hummers, then moved on to a little enthusiastic ass-fucking (with Barb moaning, "Hurt me, baby!"), a spot of the old missionary (the modified version, her knees against my chest) and wound up with what we call the Romanian Trampoline. After that we smoked a joint, as I rested up for the rematch.

I was about to pass the dope over to Barb when she leaned toward me and asked, "Randy, what's wrong?"

I looked sideways at her. "It's that obvious, huh?"

"You bet," she said. "You're about 40% somewhere else. It's not that I feel insulted; I'd just like to know where."

"Thinking about the game," I said. "Thinking about whether to play out my option next year, and whether it'll make me rich, or whether nobody'll want a 33-year-old running back with bad wheels. Thinking about what I do after football, which isn't going to last that much longer any way you slice it."

"You shouldn't worry about all of that, Randy," she advised. "You can always become a sportscaster or a coach or something. You own a couple of condos in Florida, so you won't starve. And the Super Bowl is only a game, isn't it?"

"No," I said, "it's not only a game, and it's not just the money either. It's more than that. It's... well, I'd like to win the big one just once, and this'll probably be my last chance. And I'd like to finish up with more than a couple of

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Florida condos and a pair of bum knees. And I'd like . . . I'd like . . ."

"What, Randy?" Barb asked, her eyebrows furrowed.

I grinned wolfishly. "I'd like to eat that furry, black pussy of yours till you can't stand it," I said. And I did.

We'd been watching game films of the Rams every day after practice. Their front four looked like something out of a Japanese monster movie. Murray Donner, the defensive end who was going to be on my case during the game, seemed the type who eats compact cars for breakfast. The Rams' defensive secondary moved faster than bad news.

I wondered if they were watching *our* game films and thinking the same things about us. I hoped so.

There are two weeks between the conference championships and the Super Bowl. We got Monday off after the final playoff game, and then we had practice every day except Sunday. The coaches had to watch it that we didn't tire ourselves out, but that we didn't get out of sync either. They also had to watch it that nobody got hurt.

I guess they weren't watching me close enough that day. We were having a hit drill with just four more days to go. I took a lick from Dwayne Ethridge, one

of our safeties. As I went down, I felt something in my knee go *pop!* Ethridge must've seen the pain on my face, because he ran back over to me and said, "Hey, Randy, you hurt? Help you up?"

"No, thanks, I can stand on it," I said, which was true; it just hurt like a son of a bitch when I did.

Later on I gave the knee a cold soak in Barb's tub. "You ought to see the trainer about that," she said. "At least he could tell you what it is."

"I know what it is," I said curtly. "It's the cartilage." By that stage in my career I could tell cartilage from tendons from ligaments from bones by the way each felt when tearing or breaking. The big difference is that tendons, ligaments and bones can knit, heal or be replaced; cartilage has to come out.

"What does that mean?" Barb asked.

"It means I'll be able to play on Sunday," I replied. *If they wrap it up in a quarter-mile of tape, I thought. If they shoot it full of Novocaine before the game and drain it at halftime. And if I have it operated on right afterward.*

I remembered what Dr. Spiegel, the team's orthopedic surgeon, had told me after the last operation. "Your knees have about had it, Clayton," he'd said. "You're already a good candidate for arthritis. The next one of these is going to be it—unless you want to wind up in

a wheelchair for the rest of your life."

The next morning, Thursday, I went in to see Bones Walsh, our trainer. I explained the situation to him honestly. I told him that I realized I was about through, but that I wanted this one last game, and that I'd let Coach and the rest of the team know where things stood after the Super Bowl. All he had to do was to get me through Sunday.

"This could mean my job, Clayton," he said gruffly, but I could see he was already convinced.

"Thanks, Bones," I said gratefully. "Besides, if you tell anyone, I'll kill your family."

I guess George Simms was right, after all. We probably *are* going to be drafting that running back from Michigan.

On Friday we boarded the team plane and flew to Miami for the game. Barb had the weekend off, so she flew down and booked her own room in our hotel.

The period right before a Super Bowl has come to be known as Super Weekend, thanks to the three television networks. The town where the game is being played always has about four sportscasters per square foot. The sponsors, the ad agencies and the league itself all throw huge parties. Everyone from hundred-dollar hookers to campaigning politicians to movie stars to Pete Rozelle, the Commissioner of the NFL himself, shows up.

On Friday night I found myself in a hospitality suite at the Doral Hotel. Barb was on my left arm, there was a glass of Scotch in my right hand, and at my right elbow there was a Florida state senator, looking around for a photographer to take a picture of him standing next to Randy Clayton, Certified Professional Jock, and saying things like, "Well, Randy, I imagine you'll be running a 44 Normal Curl up the middle a lot, huh?"

#### *A 44 Normal Curl?*

Despite the unusually thick concentration of assholes, it was actually a pretty good party. Barb fended off the advances of an actor on one of the TV cop shows, but I could see she was pleased. Anthony Gambaccini, the elderly gentleman who owns the team, told me how much he was counting on me and didn't even call me "Claypoole" once. Walter Huddleston puked into a punchbowl, and it was a few minutes before anybody noticed. Miss Doral Hotel Super Weekend told George and Arlene Simms that her little ol' mamma down in Weeki Wachee'd just turn *blue* if she could see her li'l ol' girl at a party with

*(continued on page 115)*



"You should have said something before I put on the icing!"



# Beaver Hunt

A new decade is upon us . . . and what better way to get into the spirit of the 1980s than to photograph your favorite Beaver? So get the camera off the shelf and click away. HUSTLER pays \$50 apiece for pictures of gals, guys and couples published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance we'll select your Beaver for an extended photo-feature at

professional models' rates. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send all entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 104 or a facsimile, and fill it out clearly so that we'll know where to send the 50 bucks.

Photo by Ralph Baker



Holly and Grace, a pair of 24-year-olds, are horse-lovers from Portland, Oregon. They're hard-pressed to relate any sexual fantasies because, they say, "We can't think of anything we haven't done."

Photo by J. B. Field



British-born Gillian Bryce, 19, makes her home in Surrey, England, where she is a waitress in a wine bar. She enjoys meeting people and making music. Her fantasy—to pose nude for HUSTLER—has come true.



Photo by Robert Petersen



Julie Benson, 21, is from Chicago. She enjoys tennis, swimming and men, and her fantasy is to appear nude in **HUSTLER**.

Photo by Friend



Twenty-four-year-old Frances King is a Suffolk, Virginia, housewife who likes bowling and balling. Her hobby is her husband, but she fantasizes about making it with Jan-Michael Vincent.

Seventy-five-year-old Ella Phantzgerald is a circus performer from Florida. Her favorite hobby is giving golden showers, but she can never remember to do it. She fantasizes about making an X-rated movie with Dumbo and Jiminy Cricket.

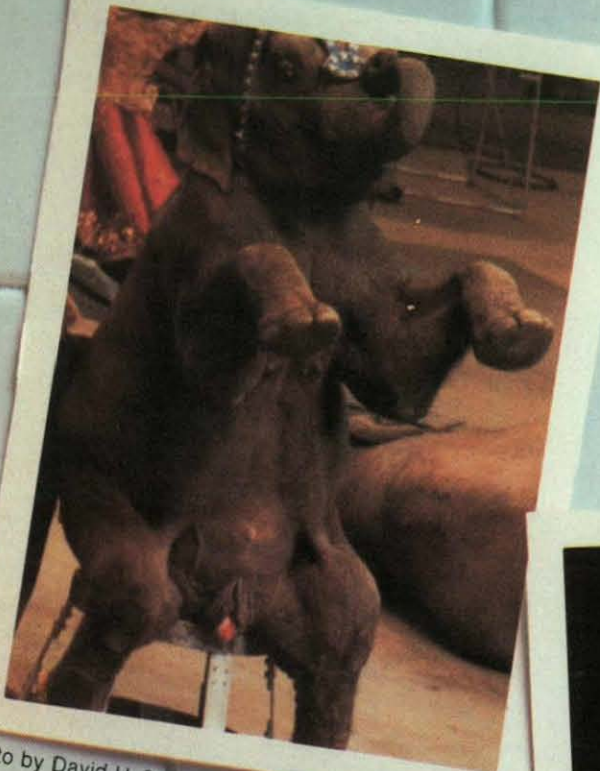


Photo by David H. Stahl



Photo by George's Specialties



Laurie Karpel, a 19-year-old from Binghamton, New York, lives a life of leisure—playing pool, riding horses and fixing cars. Her fantasy is to make love on a bar with Charles Bronson.

Lisa, 18, is a waitress in Houston, Texas. She likes nude swimming and topless dancing, and dreams of participating in a sexual threesome.



Photo by Bill



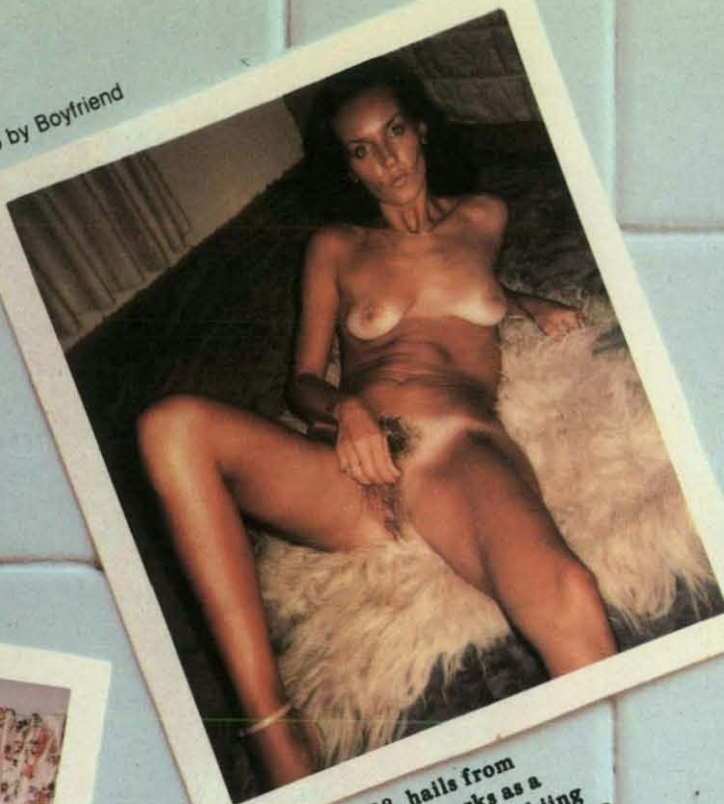
Photo by T. A. Gregory III

Tamyra Edwoods, 33, is a model and artist from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her fantasy is "to bathe in champagne with everybody who pours a glassful into the tub."





Photo by Boyfriend



Glenda Wood, 28, hails from Houston, where she works as a dancer and waitress. Waterskiing and reading the stories in HUSTLER turn her on, and she longs to get it on with two men "who are thinking only about me."

Photo by Dale



Gail, 21, is a music-lover from Lincoln, Nebraska. A secretary, she fantasizes about making love with a stranger in a public place.

Connie is a 25-year-old hairdresser from Pennsylvania whose dream has always been "to show off my beaver in HUSTLER."



Photo by Husband



# One for the Ladies

Photo by Norma Clymer



Larry Clymer, 30, is a home-improvement contractor from Nashville, Tennessee, who wants to "pass a law banning bras" and live in a place where nudity is enjoyed. He also fantasizes about having a date with Loretta Lynn.

Kathy Rambo is a 29-year-old truck driver from Somonauk, Illinois. She likes swinging and getting high, and dreams of posing professionally "because I'm an exhibitionist."



Photo by Steve Rambo



You can look for The Unknown Beaver in West Deptford, New Jersey. She's a 26-year-old EKG technician who dreams of making it with two guys at once and who wants to be "a sex idol like Marilyn Monroe."

Photo by R. B.





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## MASTURBATION

(continued from page 92)

early 20s were masturbating. Today more than 60% of women aged 18 to 24 are doing it.

In addition, single women who masturbated in the early 1950s were doing so about 21 times a year, while today's masturbating single women average 37 times a year. Also increasing is the number of single women in their late 20s and early 30s who masturbate, from less than half in Kinsey's day to more than 80% today.

To a large extent these changes are undoubtedly due to the women's-liberation movement. The excesses of some feminists should not detract from the liberating influence feminism has continued to exert, not only in freeing women from many of the crippling inhibitions of the past, but also in changing men's attitudes toward women in every area of life, including sexuality.

Another beneficial influence has come from the growth of sex therapy. Many women's groups and sex therapists are bringing the benefits of the discoveries of William Masters and Virginia Johnson to growing segments of the general population, with far-reaching effects.

What has also changed in recent years is the way women masturbate. Of course, they still most commonly use their hands or fingers to stimulate the area around the clitoris, although some women prefer spraying jets of warm water over the genital area. But more and more of them are turning to electric vibrators for sexual release.

The most effective vibrators are not the little, battery-operated penis- or banana-shaped devices, but the larger ones that run off regular house current. There are many different models, but for practicality's sake we recommend those that are quietest. They should also be of rather sturdy construction. The lighter, flimsier kinds may be less expensive—because they usually come from centers of cheap labor such as Taiwan or South Korea—but our experience has been that they tend to give trouble.

There is a widespread fear—among women as well as men—that once a woman gets used to a vibrator she will no longer crave intercourse with a man. This fear is unfounded. Sure, there are always exceptions, but by and large, women who masturbate—with or without a vibrator—turn out to be better bedmates and generally more orgasmic during lovemaking than women who do not. Many women who can relax and go with the flow become multi-orgasmic

(able to achieve more than one orgasm during a single sexual act) after first using a vibrator.

For most men, vibrators are not very effective, although a few come with penis-ring attachments that seem to work for some men. The rest use mainly their hands, as men have always done.

The main bugaboo about masturbation that still lingers on with many men is the fear that it depletes their strength. This is especially true of athletes, who have their own group of anxiety-makers in the form of coaches who warn them about jacking off before games or during training. Some even caution their trainees about the supposed draining effects of sexual intercourse.

The plain fact of the matter is that there is no scientific foundation for any such fears. They seem to stem from unconscious ideas in the deepest layers of the human mind that may attribute magical qualities to semen that have nothing to do with reality. Masturbation can only "weaken" a person if he or she feels guilty about it—in other words, only if it is allowed to affect the mind.

Of course, there is such a thing as "compulsive masturbation," since some people use it as others use alcohol or drugs—to escape from reality or to avoid the challenge and unavoidable problems of real-life interpersonal relationships. But such cases are relatively rare, and should not color anybody's thinking about masturbation in general. In our opinion, even those who prefer masturbation to sexual intercourse are not necessarily "neurotic" or "sick." They may simply be more choosy than most people, or too busy. Plenty of perfectly legitimate reasons exist for such a preference.

Despite all the progress that has been made, the social trauma associated with masturbation will not disappear until the lingering misconceptions are eradicated. A good starting point is the psychoanalytic myth that women have to transfer their sensitivity from the clitoris to the vagina. Plainly speaking, this is utter nonsense. If the same standards were applied to men, they would have to transfer their sexual feelings from the glans of the penis to, say, the scrotum, which has about the same number of nerve endings as the vagina.

As one woman put it with fine irony, "If the sexual act consisted of the woman rubbing her clitoris against the man's testicles, she would be orgasmic and he would be frigid."

Only when all the myths are debunked will masturbation be able to assume its rightful status as a healthy and normal part of human sexuality.

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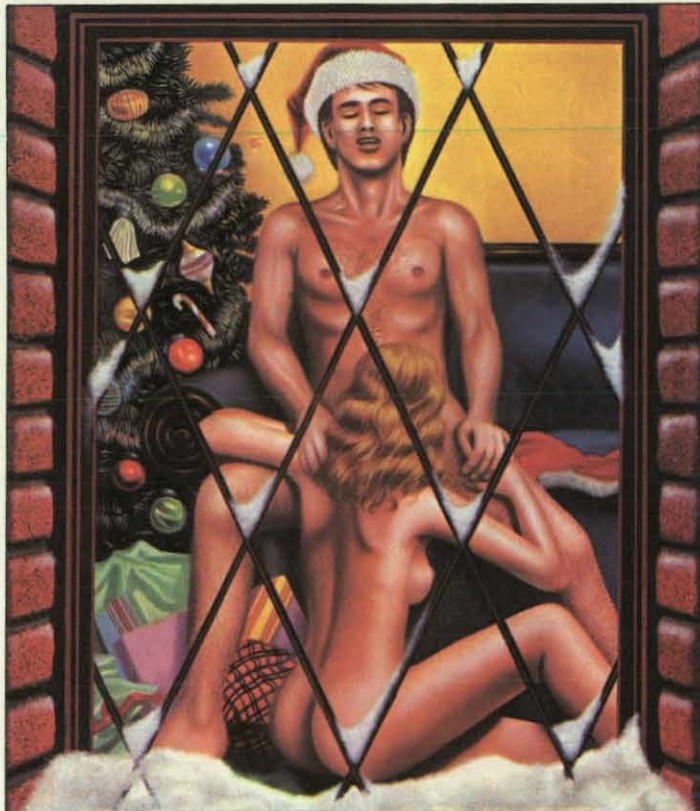
I guess I'm what you might call a real ordinary kind of guy. I don't go out much unless it's with the boys from work, and I live with my ma and grandma in my grandma's old house just outside Toledo, Ohio. I'm nearly 30, and I work as a warehouseman in a factory in town. Right after I left high school I used to date a lot of girls, but for the last few years I've gotten out of the habit. I'm the kind of guy who'd rather save his money than waste it on a lot of cheap broads. Frankly, I usually get my rocks off reading HUSTLER.

At this point you're probably thinking, "What's this guy writing a *Kinky Korner* for?" Well, with Christmas approaching again I was reminded of something that happened to me *last* Christmas. It was one of the most sexy and exciting episodes of my life, and I'd really like to share it with you.

It was after work one evening, six days shy of Christmas, and I'd been finishing my holiday shopping in one of the big department stores downtown. I always spend a lot on presents at this time of year (mainly because I don't spend my money on anything else), and I'd bought a selection of gifts for my grandma. There was a thick Ohio blizzard blowing as I staggered through the foot-high snow in the parking lot to reach my car, and before I knew it I'd stumbled into somebody. She was a cute, slim blonde in her mid-20s, and she'd been carrying four or five big packages before I bumped her. Now they were laying in the snow. I immediately tried to help her pick them up, but as I was bending over next to her I lost my footing and stumbled into her again. This time she fell ass over teakettle, and I fell on top of her!

Naturally enough, she was beginning to get really pissed, so I helped her to her feet and insisted on carrying some of her packages. But when we got to her Mustang, we found it was blocked off by another car. The attendant was nowhere in sight, and the blonde almost began to

*Kinky Korner* is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



## YULETIDE SURPRISE

by Danny Benson

cry. All she wanted to do was drive home and get out of her wet clothes.

I'm not exactly Prince Valiant in situations like that, but I figured I ought to do *something*. So I apologized again and asked her if she'd like to have a hot drink and maybe some dinner with me. I told her I knew a restaurant nearby that always kept a big log fire burning, and she'd be able to dry off in comfort. She was cussing me out under her breath, but she finally agreed. The place was only a block away, and we walked there in silence.

Standing by the fire with an Irish coffee in her hand, she began to thaw, both

inside and out. It seemed like she needed someone to talk to, and I guess I was handy. It turned out she was a secretary, and she'd just broken up with her fiancé. The prospect of Christmas without him was making her feel very depressed. But after a couple of drinks she agreed to have dinner with me, and cheered up considerably when I told her to order anything she liked.

Sitting across the table from her, I was able to study her face more clearly. She was gorgeous, with fine, ash-blond hair, clear skin, a beautiful mouth and nose and one of the sexiest pairs of bedroom eyes—large and green—that I'd ever seen. And with her raincoat and blazer off, I could tell she had a dynamite pair of tits under her sweater.

And she had an appetite to match them. She tore into the house specialty of lobster and steak as if she hadn't eaten for a week. As a matter of fact, she hadn't eaten much for several days. She told me that she'd been too depressed to cook for herself.

We finished off a couple of bottles of wine during dinner, and then settled down to some brandy-swigging after dessert. She was knocking down two to every one of mine, but still found time to tell me her life story. I wasn't saying much. Most of the time I just nodded my head and tried to look interested.

Soon she began to get sort of glassy-eyed and mellow, giggling at every damn thing I said as if it were the world's greatest joke. Then she got a bit tearful again. She held my hand and told me that I was a true gentleman—the only one she'd ever met. All the other guys in her life were real bastards, but I truly cared about her.

I knew this was the liquor talking, so I didn't take it seriously. Still, it felt good to be complimented; I don't get too many compliments at the warehouse. But you can imagine my surprise when her mood suddenly changed again to one of really hot and heavy horniness! We were sitting facing each other, and I



felt her leg rub against mine. She held on to my hands again, leaned in close and said, "You know what I want? I want you to take me to a motel and fuck me—right now!"

Like I told you, I'm not the kind of guy that women come on to very much, but I figured what the hell! If she wanted me that badly, she could have me. I paid the bill and asked the maitre d' to get me a cab. The blonde staggered off to the ladies' room, and I took the opportunity to call home and tell my ma that I was going to stay the night with a friend and play a little poker. In 15 minutes my "friend" and I were in a motel room.

The first thing she did was to fling herself down on the bed and ask me to undress her. The sweater came off easily enough, and so did her blouse, revealing those great tits that had caught my eye in the restaurant. I'd never seen breasts as good as those in my whole life—heavy yet firm, with pink nipples that grew erect and hard under my lips.

The room was warm, and she began to glow with a light sweat between her tits. I might have been going too slowly for her, for she tugged impatiently at her skirt—I remember it ripped slightly as she pulled it off. Then down came her pantyhose and bikini bottom, and she rolled over onto her stomach, drew her knees up and wiggled her ass at me.

I caught a brief glimpse of her pubic hair before she turned over—it was naturally blond and looked fantastic—and I really wanted to get my tongue in there and lick her till she cried uncle. But she was in no mood for niceties. She spread her legs, showing me her blond-fringed cunt again, and told me to fuck her hard. Her cunt was glistening with mingled love juice and sweat, and she wiggled her ass again impatiently as I pulled off my clothes.

I hadn't had a woman in *months*, and from the looks of my dick I was certainly overdue. It stuck straight out in front of me, long and hard, and I simply followed where it led. Gripping her firmly on each of her shapely little buns, I rammed my prick right in until my stomach hit ass. Screaming in delight, she began working her butt back against me. She was kind of small in there, and I could feel my tool hitting against the far end of her cunt, where the cervix begins. But she was too wet and slippery for me to do her any harm, and I banged her as hard and happily as I could while she squirmed and giggled under me.

I was about ready to come when she suddenly pulled away. "Now do it in my ass," she gasped, pulling her cheeks apart. To tell the truth, I'd never fucked anyone in the ass before, and I wasn't too sure about how hard I should do it. But I didn't need asking twice, so I

nuzzled my dick in toward her little puckered ring.

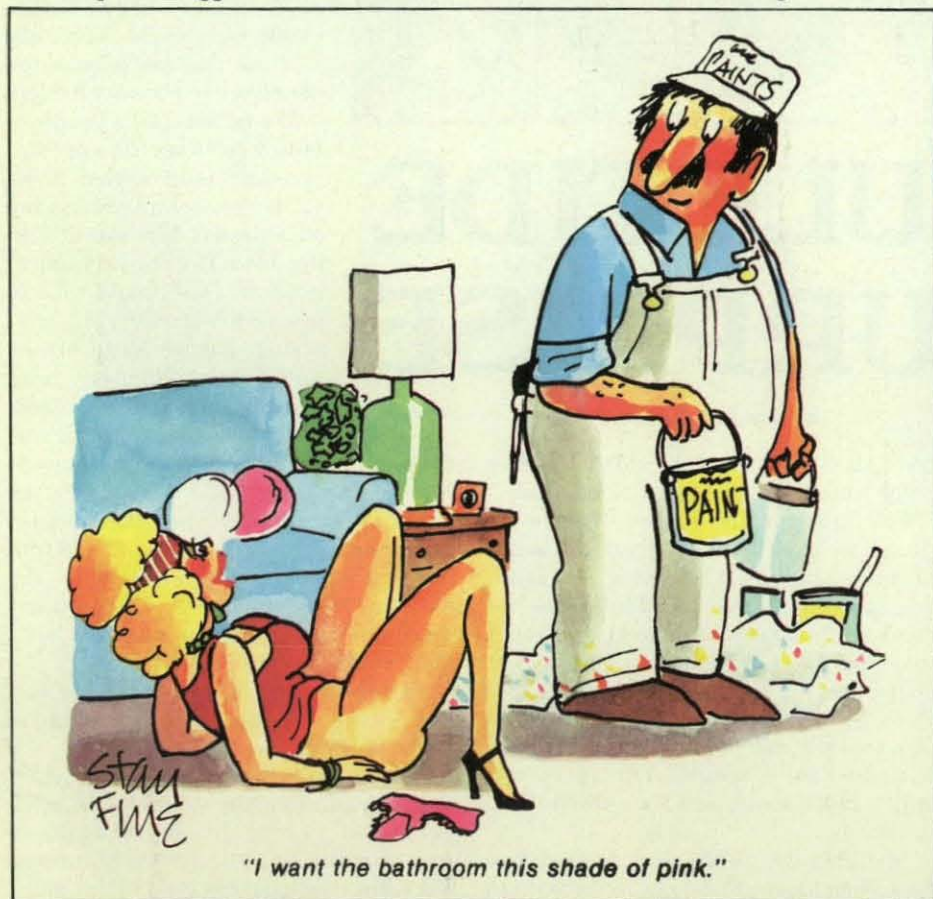
As soon as it began to slide in I experienced the most mind-fucking sexual excitement of my life. Obviously this was something I'd been missing out on. I don't know what it was—maybe the sensation of power and mastery that comes with slipping it up the Hershey Highway—but I had to stop and wait awhile or else I would have come in two seconds flat! She moaned in disappointment and stuck her butt up higher, and soon I was ramming my cock into her anus every bit as hard as I'd fucked her cunt.

I was grunting and groaning and just about to blow my wad into her like a jet-powered enema when she suddenly began to choke. I slowed down a bit to give her a chance to get her breath back, but she pulled my dick out of her with her hand. Her face turned white, and I thought for a second she was going to blow dinner all over the motel room. But she made it to the bathroom just in time, leaving me kneeling on the bed with a shit-coated dick in my hand. Well, shit or no shit, I wasn't about to let the moment pass. A couple of quick squeezes, and I was shooting my jism all over her crumpled blouse and panties.

In a few minutes she came back out, weaving slightly as she stepped across the room. She seemed sort of surprised to see me there, and we just looked at each other for a few seconds. I asked her if she felt OK, and she said she was fine and that I could use the bathroom.

She said she didn't want to take a shower with me, so I got up and went into the bathroom. As I waited for the shower to get hot enough, I heard her muttering something to herself. I was curious, so I stuck my head nearer to the open bathroom door. "Holy shit," I heard her mumble. "You mean I was drunk enough to fuck *him*? I must be completely out of my mind..." As I stepped into the shower, I reminded myself that listening to what others say about you is always a mistake.

When I got out she was gone, though she'd left behind her panties and blouse. I thought of keeping them, then decided that would be stupid. I felt bad for a while, but I soon cheered up. After all, I might never fuck a woman as good-looking as her again, and I'd enjoyed every moment of it while it lasted. And if the only reason that she had wanted to fuck me was her loneliness, well, that was OK by me. It was a square deal—she wanted something and so did I. And what I got out of it was a Yuletide surprise that sure beat any other Christmas present I'd ever had.





## GAME

(continued from page 106)

nigras, but that, *honest*, she herself didn't mind. (And I guess she didn't, because she eventually left the party with our punt-returner, Clarence Jenkins.) Our quarterback, Gene McMichael, promoted himself a pair of 19-year-old identical twins and disappeared very early. There were so many hookers around that, at any given time, the suite contained a *real* bare minimum of 3.2 acres of tit, all of it tanned.

All in all, it was just your basic Super Bowl warm-up party. Who ever said that football doesn't build character?

Light workout on Saturday. I stuck around after practice and had Bones drain my knee.

I avoided the parties that night. Instead, Barb and I sat in her room and smoked dope and talked.

"Are you worried about the game?" she asked.

"No," I told her, and I wasn't. We'd practiced and studied the game films and worked out and stayed in shape and played our guts out all season, and there wasn't anything left. The next day would take care of itself.

"What about the rest?" she continued. "Your career, the future—all those things you have doubts about?"

"Nope," I said. "That's all resolved."

She looked up at me in a funny sort of way. I hadn't told her the full story about the knee, or about my deal with Bones, or about what I planned to tell Coach after the game, but she knew. Don't ask me how; she just *knew*.

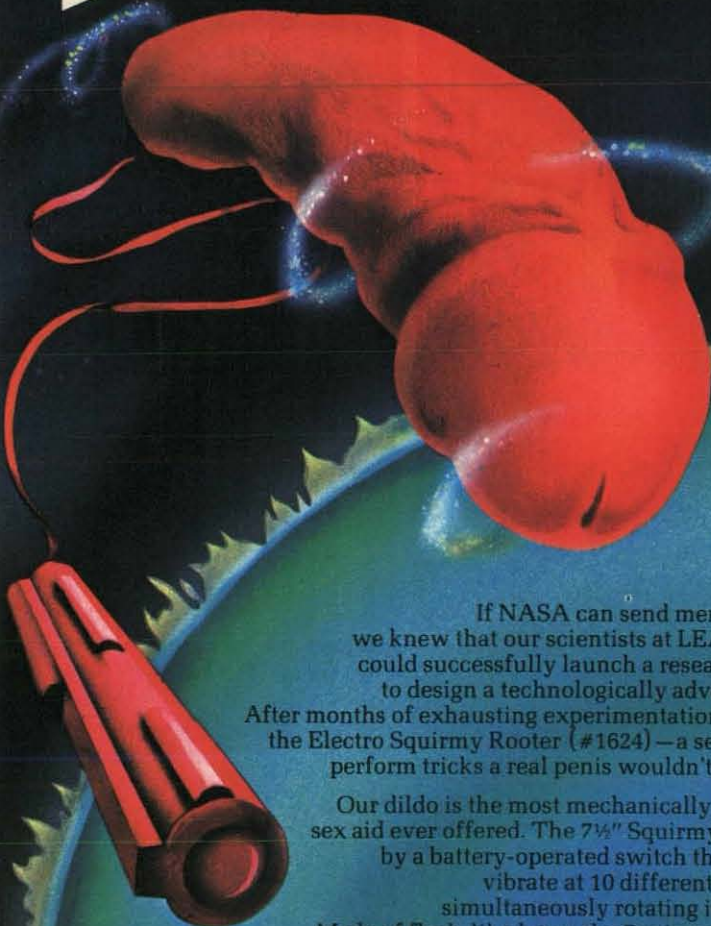
"Come here," I said, reaching toward her across the couch. I kissed her.

*Sunday afternoon.* We all sat huddled in the locker room. We'd had our invocation, and Coach had given us his pep talk. I had an Absorbo pad as thick as my wrist on the knee, and a lot of tape around the pad, and the kneecap was shot full of Novocaine. I'd also taken a couple of greenies for good measure.

"OK, you guys," said Coach. "It's that time."

We ran out of the locker room, through the corridor, out onto the field in the glare of the Miami sun. The crowd roared like a huge, predatory animal, and I knew that Barb was up there somewhere. But I couldn't see the stands or the sun or anything but the rest of the team and, across the field, the Rams in their blue jerseys and gold pants. For that brief moment it was just us and them in all the world, and I knew why I had come.

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## MAGAZINE REVIEW

(continued from page 52)

ultimate one-night stand among the gash glossies.

Through the use of soft focus, props and other techniques, Publisher Bob Guccione and his photo staff have succeeded in capturing the essence of their models' sexuality. With her moist, pink cunt lips, thigh-high nylons and expressions of pure delight, the *Penthouse* girl looks like she'll die if you don't ram your cock into her spread snatch. Even the soft-core hetero and lesbo couple layouts are horny enough to overcome their inherently faked quality.

Editorially, *Penthouse* tends to concentrate on muckraking exposes and coverage of current trends, and it contains some genuinely funny and outrageous cartoons. Plus there's always the infamous "*Penthouse* Forum," consisting of letters detailing the supposedly "true erotic experiences" of hard-up readers who probably jerked off with one hand as they scribbled with the other.

While *Penthouse* may not be the flashiest or the most literate men's magazine around, it is certainly an effective purveyor of raw, erotic lust—and that's reason enough to buy a copy and crack open a fresh box of Kleenex.

**PLAYBOY** (\$2.50 from *Playboy Publications, Inc.*, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611) As a "total entertainment" package *Playboy* is the best in the business. It's one men's magazine I'd take with me on a week's vacation to Guadeloupe.

It features big-name fiction, top-notch articles on a wide range of subjects, superb illustrations, striking and inventive graphics, high-quality paper stock and the best photography anywhere. *Playboy* caters to an affluent, chic audience, and its elitist, almost snobbish editorial stance is spearheaded by Hugh Hefner's knee-jerk liberalism.

However, for jerking-off, this magazine leaves something to be desired. True, the typical *Playboy* woman is invariably beautiful and built like a brick shithouse, but she also has an unappealing distant and antiseptic quality. Beating your meat over one of these cold cuties is like dipping your wick in Listerine. The lack of hot hetero couples or anything earthy or kinky also helps to make *Playboy* a beautiful but boring beat-off book. Buy it only if you intend to read it.

**HUSTLER** (\$2.95 from *HUSTLER Magazine, Inc.*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California

90067) The publication that made *gross* a household word, *HUSTLER* has few pretensions. It goes right for your balls and twists them until you come all over your leg. In *HUSTLER*, the originator of the gyno-girlie pictorial featuring cooze-drenched pussy lips spread as far as medically possible, the women are the kind who look like they make a living by giving blowjobs in the back room of a bowling alley. These women are often teamed with big-cock studs who wave their tumescent, overgrown tools a pubic hair away from penetration.

Larry Flynt, the world's only born-again porn publisher, has aimed his magazine straight at the blue-collar worker. *HUSTLER* is for the people who love cartoons singing the praises of shit, piss and farts; sensationalist articles designed to be skimmed rather than read; and, of course, the omnipresent parade of pink pussy. Despite the fact that it's printed on the glossiest paper stock in the business, *HUSTLER* is down-to-earth and unpretentious. If you want pure, unadulterated sex, this must be the place.

**OUI** (\$2.00 from *Playboy Publications, Inc.*, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611) Flash, flash and more flash—a package with even more hype than its pipe-smoking father, *Playboy*. This magazine aspires to a more contemporary, more "continental" image than its stick-up-the-ass parent. That is, the articles are trendier and schlockier; the nudes have smaller tits and often hail from France or Brazil instead of California; a hint of pink pussy lips occasionally peeks out from a curly bush; and the jerk-off pictures are grainier and sometimes a bit blurry.

Personally, I like the *Oui* woman's body type much better than that of the archetypal *Playboy* girl—big-breasted cows only make me thirsty for a glass of milk—but the lack of photographic clarity (without the aesthetic value of *Penthouse*'s famed soft focus) tends to hold my semen at bay. Overall, *Oui* seems to be trying much too hard to be cool and hip—like the pimply-faced kid next door who bombs up and down the block all night in his new Corvette.

**CHIC** (\$2.95 from *CHIC Magazine, Inc.*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067) Almost the direct opposite of the *Playboy/Oui* situation, *CHIC* is Larry Flynt's pseudo-classy alternative for people who can't stop puking when they pick up a copy of *HUSTLER*. However, bringing a touch of class to a Flynt publication is like  
(continued on page 127)



# Honey

THE SOUNDS OF HOLIDAY JOY HEIGHTEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE AT HONEY'S !...



OOOH!

AAAH!

SLURP!  
SLURP!

SQUEEKITY!

AND UNDERNEATH THE TREE THERE'S A REAL SHOW GOING ON !...

IT'S NICE TO SEE THE GIRLS SPREADING CHRISTMAS JOY!

ISN'T THAT HEAVENLY?

I'LL TAKE A PIECE ON EARTH!



DESPITE THE HOLIDAY RUSH, HONEY CLOSES SHOP EARLY!

BAD BOYS!  
YOU MUST NOT BE SO GENTLE!

WHAP!

YES, MA'M!

MMMHE!

OK, FELLAS... ER...  
OK, YOU WORTHLESS SHITS! THIS PLACE CLOSES IN TEN MINUTES! NOW OUTA HERE - AND PAY AS YOU LEAVE!

OOH!  
AAAAH!





IT'S ONLY MIDNIGHT, BUT HONEY WANTS TO SPEND CHRISTMAS ALONE WITH HER "FAMILY."



HONEY CALLS HER GIRLS INTO THE LIVING ROOM!...

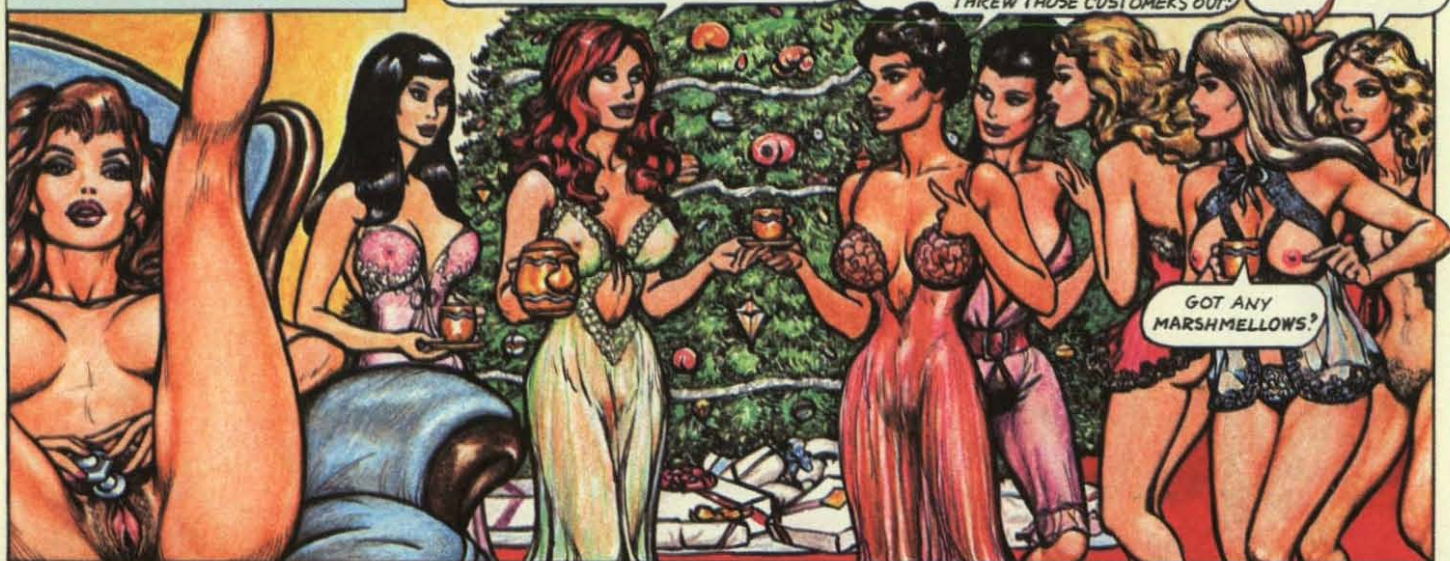


EVERYONE HAS SETTLED IN FOR A LONG WINTER'S NIGHT!

I MADE SOME HOT CHOCOLATE TO WARM EVERYBODY UP FOR SANTA!

SHEEIT! THIS COCOA BEAN WAS GETTIN' PLENTY WARMED UP WHEN YOU THREW THOSE CUSTOMERS OUT!

LET'S OPEN THE PRESENTS!



A RAPID UNWRAP SESSION ENSUES WITH ALL THE CUSTOMARY CHRISTMAS CONFUSION!

IT WAS THE ONLY COLOR THEY HAD!

LOOK AT THE PRETTY BRACELET POON TANG GAVE ME!

THOSE ARE BEN-WA BALLS, PINHEAD! ON YOU THEY COULD BE A NECKLACE!

I AM - HOW YOU SAY? TICKLED PINK.

DON'T TELL ME! MY VERY OWN "DIVINING-ROD"!







UH-OH! BIG-ED LEFT THE WRONG GIFTS!

I'D LOVE TO BE THERE WHEN HIS LITTLE BOYS UNWRAP THE ENEMA KIT AND THE CROTCHLESS UNDERWEAR!



THUMP!

SEVERAL FUN, FOOLISH HOURS LATER THE PARTY IS INTERRUPTED BY ODD NOISES ON THE ROOF!

I LOVE IT! IT'S REALLY ME! EH?

YOU HEAR THAT?

IT MUST BE...

...SOME CAT BURGLAR WORKIN' CHRISTMAS EVE! JIVE SUCKER!

THAT FAMILIAR, HEARTY LAUGH - THE DISTINCTIVE ENTRANCE - IS IT REALLY JOLLY OLD SAINT NICK?

HO, HO HACK! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?



HOLD YOUR HORSES -ER- WHATEVER!



HEY, HEY! WHAT'S SHAKIN'?

WID ALL DIS COOZE I NEEDS SOME BOOZE!

WELL, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN HUSTLER MAGAZINE!



THIS GUY'S SLID DOWN TOO MANY CHIMNEYS!

ON HIS HEAD!

FIRST SPADE I EVER SAW WITH A RED NOSE!

LIKKE SHO FIRES UP DESE OL' BONES!

I LIKE THIS OLD DUDE!

IT DOESN'T TAKE SANTA LONG TO GET WARMED UP!

SHUT YO MOUTH AND CLOSE YO EYES, CUZ SANTA CLAUS GOT A BIG SOOPRIZE!

OH, SANTA! WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?

WELL, ALL RIGHT! IT'S PARTY TIME!

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR...





AND WHEN SANTA DECIDES TO LOOSEN UP AND GET DOWN, THE PARTY BLASTS INTO HIGH GEAR!

LET ME JUST UNTIE THIS FANCY RIBBON AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

SHEEEET!

WHAT IN THE...?

JUMPING JINGLE BELLS!

YEAH, BUT WHEN ARE WE GONNA GET SOME ACTION?

BOY, SANTA SURE IS A LOT OF FUN THIS YEAR!

HONEY RESTORES ORDER — JUST BARELY!

ANXIOUS TO BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, EACH GIRL SCRAMBLES TO THE POLE!

THAT'S WHY I'M SO JOLLY!

THIS IS A TRULY CRUSHING EXPERIENCE!

SANTA TELLS THE IMPATIENT GIRLS TO LOOK INSIDE HIS SACK FOR SOME OTHER YULETIDE GOODIES!

WHAT ARE THEY?

FAIRIES?

DON'T CALL ME NO FAIRY! HEY, BRO'S! 'BOUT TIME WE SAW SOME ACTION! ANYTHING BEATS HUMPIN' DEM DIRTY OL' REINDEER!

SANTA'S VISIT IS AN ESPECIALLY DEEP AND MOVING EXPERIENCE FOR HONEY!

'TIS THE SEASON TO MAKE MERRY... AND MICHELLE... AND CHRISTINA... AND...

SO WONDERFUL TO SEE THE KIDS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

YOU'D BETTER NOT SHOUT, YOU'D BETTER NOT CRY...

MERRY XMAS



We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

## MOUSE HOLE

For those of our readers who complain that smut flicks are boring, there's always "Mice Torture," which *Screw* recently called "one of the 12 most disgusting 8mm loops of all time." A sleazy character in a trench coat ties up an unattractive woman while his passive buddy looks on. After cutting away her black panties—snipping out some pubic hairs in the process—our friend gobbles her, then uses a riding crop to force his pal to do the same. The two of them dork her repeatedly and spurt gobs of jism in her face. Now that the foreplay is out of the way, the guy in the trench coat drops several mice onto the woman's stomach. Then he produces a Plexiglas tube, one end of which he slides up the girl's cunt. Headlong down the tube goes one of the mice, which disappears into the wild pink yonder.

Any self-respecting film would fade out at this point. But the creeps who made "Mice Torture" have no class. A quick cut leaves us wondering what happened to the adventurous mouse, while the movie jumps from dirty rodents to dirt roads. The trench-coated Willard is now having anal intercourse with his compliant buddy, who a minute later starts sucking on his master's cock. The two of them then turn their attention back to the woman. One guy screws her while the other masturbates until he ejaculates in her face.

We don't know what type of weirdo goes for this kind of stuff, but if you can stomach this 300-foot reel of raunch, *Kinematics, Inc.* (708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036) will sell it to you for \$40 postpaid.

## SWEET CANDY

Candy has one of the most angelic faces in porndom. We first saw her as a Marie Osmond look-alike in a soft-core book

called *Marie (Bits & Pieces)*, September 1979), which *Leyland, Inc.* (317-A Wise Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21222) sells for \$5. Then *Leyland* sent us *Discosex*, an \$8.50 magazine that shows Candy, now resembling Linda Ronstadt, sucking and screwing in glorious hard-core, including a fold-out color shot of her slurping a throbbing cock. *Leyland* also sent along two recent *Swedish Erotica* films (#283 and #287) in which Candy hides her face in various crotches. They sell for \$20 apiece or \$35 for both.

Now old reliable *Krow Enterprises*, not to be outdone, has shipped us its latest batch of *Collection* films, and there in "Picnic" (#67) is Candy, looking wide-eyed and sweeter than ever. *Krow* (P.O. Box 11114, Chicago, Illinois 60611) sells its *Collection* series in regular 8mm only for \$22 each, three for \$63 or five films for \$100.

## GETTING LONGER

*Film Collectors Association* (Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306) has added six new 400-foot films to its exclusive *Dirty Movies* line. "Oriental Massage" (DM 4001) and "Oriental Sucker" (DM 4002) feature a girl who actually looks more Aztec than Asian. But she's beautiful and performs well, whether she's teaming up with another girl and a guy for 25 minutes of erotic tonguings (DM 4001) or proving to three studs once and for all that Oriental pussy is not slanted (DM 4002).

"Farrah's Studs" (DM 4003) stars the familiar Rhonda Jo Petty, who made a name for herself as a Farrah Fawcett look-alike—although a few extra pounds and some visible black roots in a straighter hair-style have made this resemblance a thing of the past. "The Bath" (DM 4006) is distinguished by Celeste, who's also made the rounds as Candy in the *Erotica* series.

FCA is selling its *Dirty Movie* 4000 series films in regular and Super 8mm for \$29 apiece, three for \$69 or all six for \$129. Add \$1 per film for insurance and first-class postage. You can't go wrong with *Dirty Movies*.

## IMPORTED FROM EUROPE

*European Originals* is a line of ten films offered by *SSC Products* (P.O. Box 09266, Cleveland, Ohio 44109). Quality varies and the color is generally not as good as

in American films, but otherwise these loops are pleasers. "Hay Ride" shows the adventures of a priest and a bird-watcher who stumble across a chorus of chirping lovelies in the woods, and "Western Love" has everything you want in a smut western, including horses, sheriffs, saloons and whores. Both are 20-minute "featurettes" that *SSC* sells for \$30 apiece or \$50 for both. The rest have about ten minutes of viewing time; they cost \$20 apiece or three for \$50.

"Der Sexorzist" (103) is an animated film in which several horny devils prong an innocent girl to such heated passions that she has to call in a priest to cool her down. The animation in this German film is not up to Disney standards, and the plot doesn't make much sense, but it's certainly better than most of the stuff you see on Saturday-morning TV.

Meanwhile, fans of director/producer Lasse Braun can choose from three *European Originals*, including "Penetration" (106), in which a 72-year-old codger proves to two young girls that his dick is as hard as his arteries.

It has been our observation that people who buy bestiality films generally do so as a one-time-only venture to satisfy their curiosity. For such curious souls the Danish film "Animal Orgy" (104) stars a peasant girl, her dog and a horse. Some folks might say she takes "going back to nature" a little too far!


*SSC* sells *European Originals* in regular and Super 8mm. The company will send a brochure of its stock for \$2, which sum can be applied to a future purchase. *SSC* emphasizes that it does not accept personal checks and does not accept orders from outside the U.S.

## WARNING!

*I want to buy some porn through the mail, but I don't want to be a sucker. What should I avoid?*

—A. A.

Southport, North Carolina

Don't let greed get the best of you. For example, *Discount Distributors* in L.A. says it has "hard-core films" and "porno imported magazines" at six for \$5. Don't be a schmuck. *Hygienic Research Company* in New York offers three "sex-saturated" books for \$5.95. If you believe you're going to get what you want, you're stupid. These firms seem to be rip-offs. Hard-core mags go for at least \$7; hard-core loops, at least \$15. 



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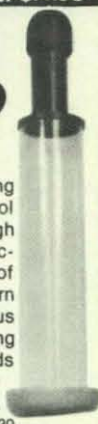
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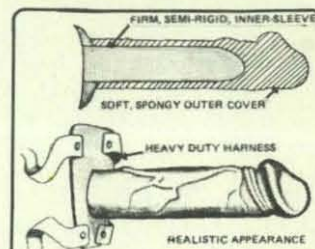
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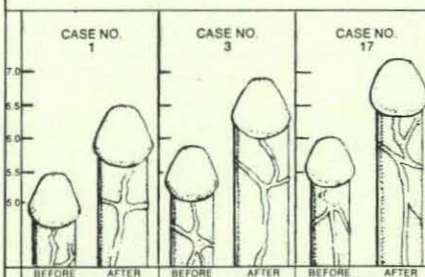
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## MAGAZINE REVIEW

(continued from page 116)

tying a silk ribbon around a piece of shit. CHIC features dripping-wet, gaping cunt lips on virtually every page, just like its big brother, and it likewise teams its girls with semi-erect studs.

The articles are appropriately trendy and superficial, but the layouts are flashy and often inventive. CHIC is printed on the same high-class paper stock that HUSTLER is, and it tries very hard to be sophisticated, but fails because of Flynt's barnyard humor.

**HIGH SOCIETY** (\$2.50 from *High Society Magazine, Inc.*, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017) What other men's magazine features its publisher's spread pussy lips in nearly every issue? Such is the case with *High Society*, whose head honcho is Gloria Leonard, a dear friend and totally sexual being. She is all over her magazine—in her letters column, in ads, in nude-features and even in a crude cartoon strip. The magazine's other main attractions include "exclusive" nude pix of sexy celebrities; however, these photos are mostly hype and have little substance, consisting mainly of grainy, unexciting tit-shots from grade-Z drive-in movies.

Editorially, this magazine is a near-total washout, but since the overriding emphasis is on tits and cunts, it really doesn't matter that much. *High Society's* pictorials feature extremely slutty-looking women who part their vaginas to the maximum before the carnal camera, and an occasional soft-core hetero couple. The magazine as a whole is marred by an atrocious print-job and poor color reproduction, but if you get off on sex without pretention, then *High Society* is meat for your meat.

**CHERI** (\$2.50 from *Cheri Enterprises, Inc.*, 208 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017) *Cheri* has evolved into the only "Mom and Pop" men's magazine in the business. The staff is the magazine and vice versa. The majority of the photo-features describe the carnal adventures of the *Cheri* staffers, most of whom are average-looking women with large tits. (I'm not a bulbous-boob fan myself.) The rest of the nude-spreads are rather standard and unexciting. In fact, I remember seeing a couple of these solo sluts in other men's mags under different names.

As for serious writing, forget it. What little copy there is in *Cheri* isn't worth the bother. Technically, *Cheri* is much better produced than *High Society*, but it still suffers from out-of-focus photos. In

all, this is a humdrum jerk-off magazine with few redeeming characteristics.

**GALLERY** (\$2.25 from *Montcalm Publishing Corporation*, 800 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017) *Gallery* comes off like a second-rate *Playboy*—tame nude-spreads; an emphasis on fiction and journalistic writing (though both are decidedly inferior to Hefner's magazine); short, "what's-happening"-type articles; and overlong and boring interviews.

The only thing that saves this magazine is its "Girl Next Door" feature. Some of these reader-submitted snapshots depict babes who are foxier than the supposedly "professional" models who fill up the rest of *Gallery's* pages, and this collection of amateur ass will definitely give your fist a workout. However, *Gallery* as a total package is just like a dry hump in the backseat of a Volkswagen—not bad, but there are better and hornier alternatives.

**CLUB** (\$2.50 from *Fiona Press, Inc.*, P.O. Box 637, Ridgefield, Connecticut 06877). This is the American edition of the British magazine *Men Only*, featuring some very attractive women in some very imaginative settings. These babes have the longest, tastiest legs in the business, and they don't forget to show their pussy lips. The surprisingly crisp and vivid photography, combined with the high-quality paper stock and an extra-large page size, makes *Club* one of the better jerk-off magazines on the market. Its writing is tinged with typically dry, British wit. In fact, the main thrust of *Club's* prose seems to be humor and off-the-wall fantasy.

But the stars of this salacious show are those foxy ladies. *Club* is a solid meat-and-potatoes men's magazine for solid meat-and-potatoes masturbators.

**CLUB INTERNATIONAL** (\$2.50 from *Fiona Press, Inc.*, P.O. Box 637, Ridgefield, Connecticut 06877) This is a slightly kinkier version of *Club* in a smaller format. The prose in *Club International* tends to deal with fetishes and readers' "true confessions," again told from a bemusedly British point of view. The women are pretty, well-built and not afraid to show us their spread vaginas, but unlike their counterparts in *Club*, *Club International's* nudes have a slightly sleazy veneer—they almost look like former debutantes who now give blowjobs in a dime-house massage parlor. Production-wise, *CI* is on a par with *Club*, but what makes this magazine "international" or "continental" is beyond me. As far as I can see, it's a case of



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"Send me another one! I need a larger size, about 2 1/2 inches inside diameter."

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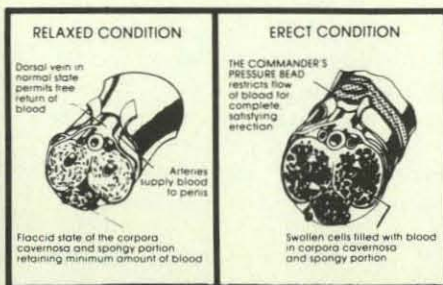
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double-your-output, double-your-bucks, and I prefer *Club* as a jerk-off book over its second-rate sister.

**GENESIS** (\$2.25 from *Cycle Guide Publications, Inc.*, 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021) Another *Playboy* imitator, *Genesis* isn't afraid to trot out the kinky stuff, like S&M and tattooing—in both words and pictures. The articles cover a wide range of both sexual and nonsexual "modern living" topics, and while the writing is not bad—and is even above average in spots—it's been done better elsewhere.

*Genesis* is also not above making a direct cop from *Penthouse* with its "Genesis Forum," a spate of reader-submitted jerk-off letters. (The magazine's best feature is "Private Chambers," a super-horny sexual-advice column written by porn star Marilyn Chambers.) The biggest disappointment in *Genesis*, however, is the unevenness of the women in its nude-spreads—while some look good enough to eat, others aren't even good enough to eat Alpo. Production values are good but uninteresting. As a whole, *Genesis* rates a great big "So what?"

**SWANK** (\$2.50 from *Swank Magazine Corporation*, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019) This long-running men's title has evolved into more of a sexual-news magazine than a beat-off book. *Swank* is top-heavy with articles, features and fiction, none of which are particularly well written. Some of the material is horribly edited and researched, and all of it is quite ordinary.

As for sex, *Swank* does get into lesbo lust and a dash of kink, but its nude women are nothing special. True, some of them are very pretty, and most have tight, well-proportioned bodies, but their poses are boring and they simply are not sexy. The book's production values and graphics are also totally ho-hum. In the meat-magazine market *Swank* is strictly stale hamburger.

**VELVET** (\$2.50 from *Eton Publishing Company, Inc.*, 6565 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028) This one is aimed right at the raunchburgers; all the writing concentrates on the seamier aspects of sex; *fuck! suck! ass! lick!* scream from virtually every page. Features come and go in no apparent order, and even the best-written of them would bore a high-school freshman. Although the pictorials are explicit, many of the women have fat, blobby thighs—my number-one turn-off. *Velvet* is nothing more than a glossy stroke book, and as a stroke book it's a total waste of time and money.



## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 34)

four or five months for yours to appear.

*Select* (P.O. Box 889, Camden, New Jersey 08101) has been the undisputed leader in the field since 1964, with current sales of approximately 100,000 per issue. Like its competitor, *Select* also costs \$5 for a single copy and is retailed chiefly in adult-book stores. Subscriptions run \$20 per year for five issues, and subscribers receive one ad free. After that the ad cost is 20¢ per word. Photos of couples and women are printed free; those of guys cost \$5 each.

Pat Ward, *Select's* managing editor, maintains that ads from mail-order hucksters are refused outright. She also claims that hookers' ads rarely appear, and are immediately canceled if the magazine receives three or more complaints. However, *Select* will not necessarily edit out such phrases as "generous gentlemen only," so advertisers are advised to read the wording of the ads very carefully before responding. Barry Nelson, *Select's* publisher, tells me that he'll send a free color brochure explaining the operation to anyone who writes in for it.

In general, a classified-ad encounter—whether it starts with your ad or someone else's—proceeds like this. First there's an exchange of letters, usually with photos enclosed. This is followed by one or more phone calls, to get better acquainted and to decide on a meeting place. Although there's frequently a sense of high adventure to it, this mail-and-phone-foreplay ritual can take weeks, and there's no guarantee that you'll get laid at the end of it.

"Be warned," cautioned one couple I interviewed, whose ad in *Love* brought dozens of responses. "It's not a zero-budget activity. It cost us about five bucks to answer each letter, figuring the price of snapshots and postage. That adds up when you've got a couple of dozen letters to get out. You learn to be picky real fast."

The basic rule in either soliciting or being solicited for sexual adventure is simple: Think with your brain, not with your crotch. And remember—there are always risks when strangers meet, particularly if your sexual expectations are too inflexible. You risk emotional wear and tear, the lack of an expected sexual payoff and the possibility of being used or ripped off.

In closing, sometimes you get stung. But you can't get the honey if you don't risk the bee stings. And after all, that's what makes any new encounter an adventure. 🐝



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Oriental women don't take those short steps for nothing! But **this** sex-egg has been "switched on!" And she can even control the pitch, from a soft, low purr to a mind-bending buzz.

**2. The Vibrillator!** Use your imagination here. We already know it's perfect for both rectum and clitoris, but once you have it humming happily away there's no telling what new uses **you** can discover!



#### 4. The Penisator!

Vibrant thrills the natural way for the both of you. Slide it on, adjust the vibrations and away you both go! Not only is it helpful in producing an erection, it will drive **her** crazy when you have one.



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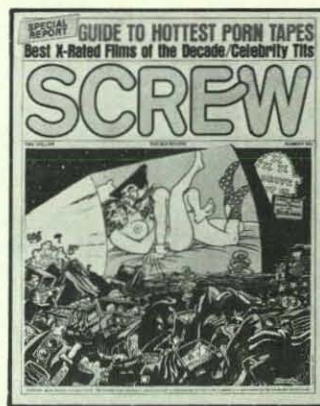
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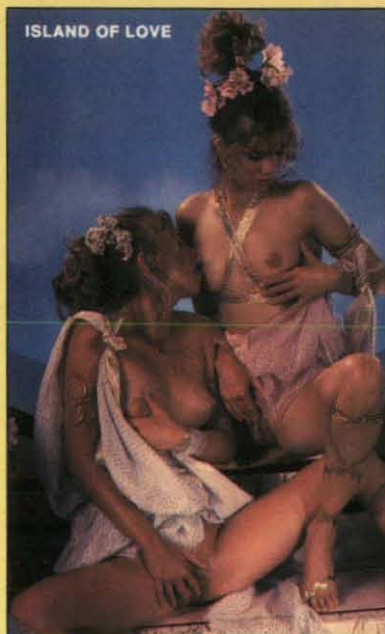
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## ASTRONICS TELE-CINE

90 Golden Gate Ave.  
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# NEXT MONTH

February Issue on sale December 27, 1979



ISLAND OF LOVE

**STAR TRICKS**—Take off with the Starship *Intercourse* in a wildly funny photo-feature. Follow your favorite lost-in-space cadets—Captain Jerk, Mr. Spic, Lieutenant O'Whora and Ensign Scrulu—as they go where no man has gone before: to an alien planet of domineering women. Satire by Bruce David and Lee Quarnstrom.

**HOME FOR HOOKERS**—Sex and violence are integral parts of the life of Nevada's maverick brothel-owner Walt Plankinton. The proprietor of the Chicken Ranch whorehouse claims he's the target of a county-government-backed conspiracy to destroy his business, an accusation that has now sparked a federal investigation of political corruption. Find out what the business of pleasure is all about in this explosive interview by Arnold Mann.

**BODYGUARDS**—People are turning to professional bodyguards to do what the police have failed to do—protect them. Join us for an inside look at what the men on the other side of the dark glasses and .38s think about life on the firing line. Report by Stuart Goldman.

**THE HUNT**—Tracking a cop-killer through hot Chicago nights is an invitation to terror. But the conquest of fear is the ultimate high when all you live for is the thrill of the hunt. Fiction by Ron Henson.

### PHOTO-FEATURES—

Singing the blues will be the last thing on your mind when you see **CELESTE: BLUE MOOD**, next month's centerfold. On the **ISLAND OF LOVE** two beauties show how to have fun in a land without men. In **LEA: CALL OF THE WILD** you'll see that fooling around with the King of Beasts can awaken a girl's most primitive passions. And a black-and-white couple get cooking in **SOUL FOOD**.

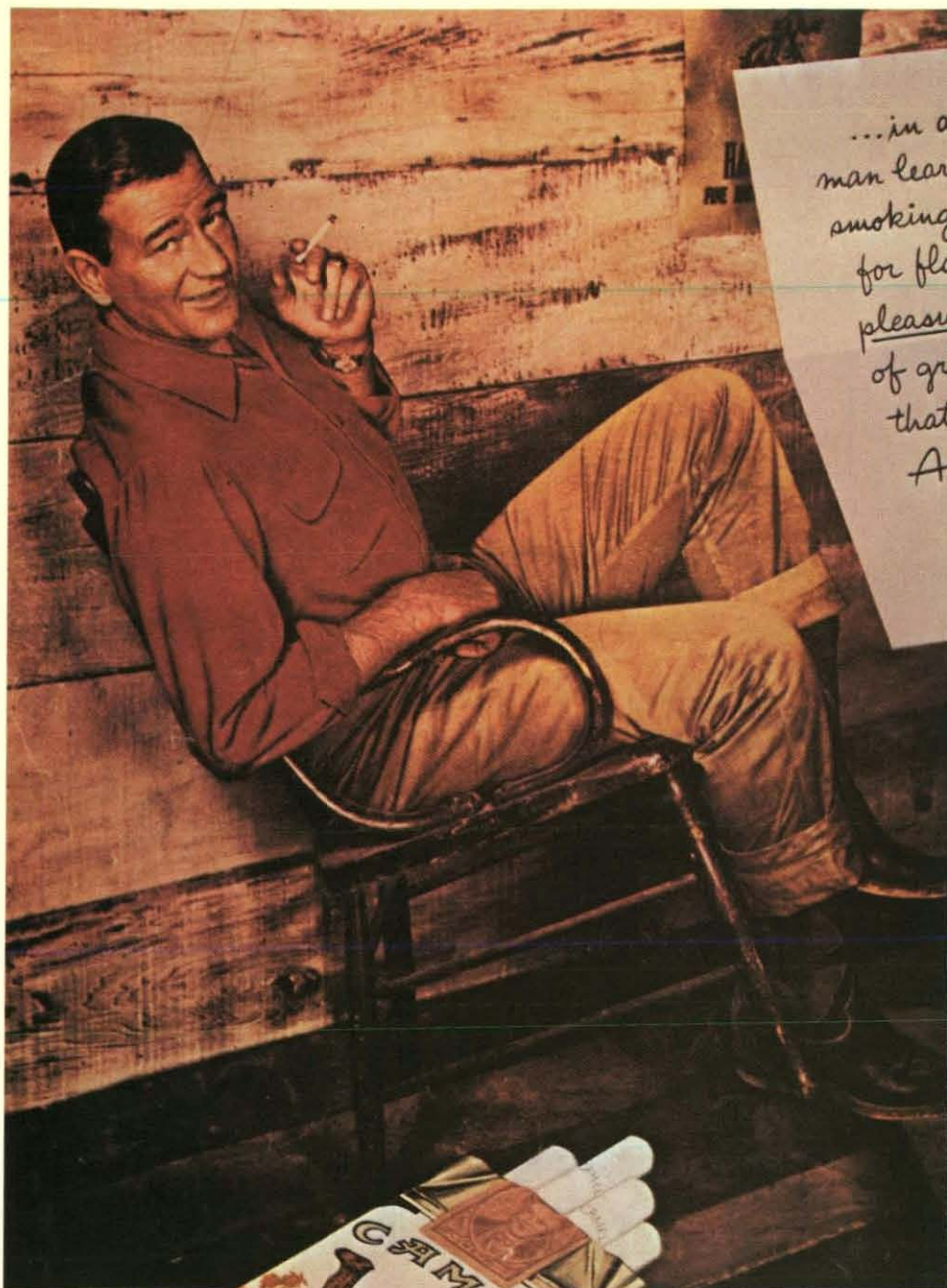


CELESTE

**PLUS**—Valentines for those who think pink, as well as **ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.



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*John Wayne*

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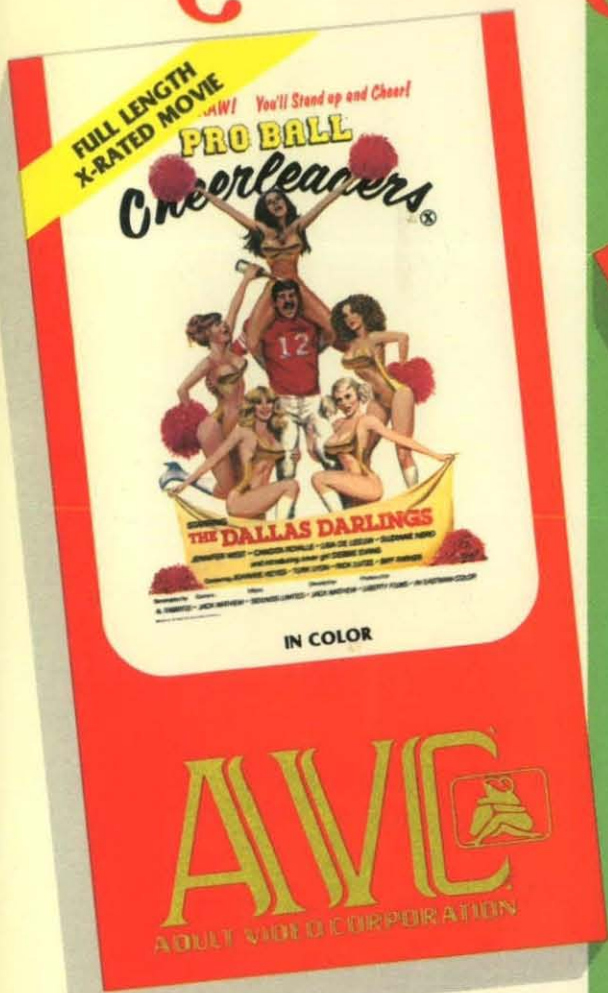
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PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE (AUTHENTIC 1954 ADVERTISEMENT)



# HAVE A BALL... This Holiday Season

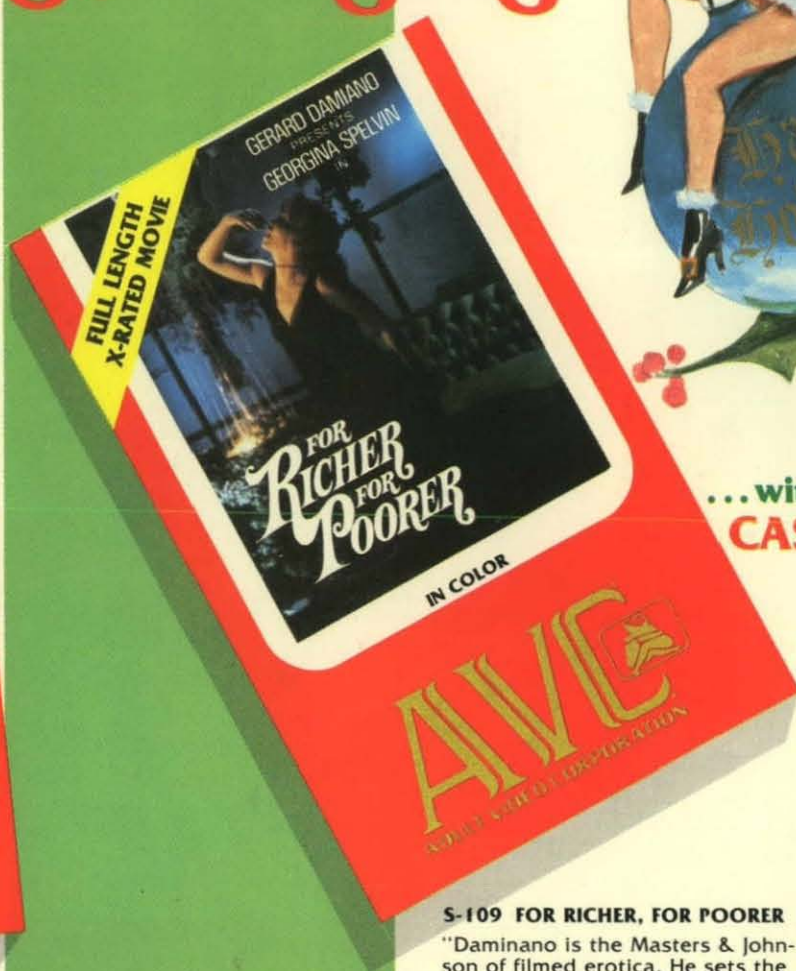


...with VIDEO CASSETTES!



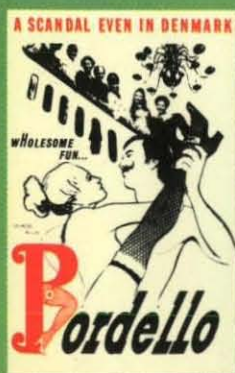
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## S-109 FOR RICHER, FOR POORER

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## S-111 BORDELLO

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## S-112 THE FUR TRAP

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